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## Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

### *THE SLAVERY PROBLEM.*

From The Churchman.

NO. I.

THE disturbed state of the country, brought about in a great measure by the rabid movements of Abolitionists and reckless anti-slavery journalists, even threatening the dissolution of the Union, is sufficient to rouse the attention of every faithful citizen of the United States; and when men, calling themselves ministers of religion, dare to talk in the blasphemous style of Dr. Cheever, respecting an institution of the country, every Christian man should feel that it is high time for him to disown such revolting doctrines. Let our readers note well the following passage, from the doctor's last discourse, delivered at the "Church of the Puritans":

"They might as properly admit the drunkard, thief, adulterer and murderer into the Christian Church as the slaveholder; and they might as consistently speak of the Christian drunkard, the Christian thief, the Christian adulterer, or the Christian murderer, as the Christian slaveholder. Why not admit Christian polygamists, or Christian molaters? What was there in either of these forms of sin more expressly forbidden of God, or injurious against man, than in the practice of slavery?"

This disgusting extract first appeared in *The Tribune*—that popgun of unthinking alarmists—the natural receptacle of latitudinarian thought and unseemly abolition utterances. How any sober man could place slavery on an equal footing with the diabolical crimes enumerated therein, we cannot conceive, unless it be accounted for on the hypothesis that in attempting to combat what is essentially right, Dr. Cheever lost the use of his senses. And how any newspaper, occupying the respectable position of *The New York Tribune*, can so far prostitute the talent it unquestionably possesses, as to constitute itself the champion and apologist of such an unscrupulous fanatic, we are equally at a loss to understand.

The seditious doctrines of these Abolitionists are working disunion among popular religionists, to an extent formerly unknown. The last Methodist General Conference was almost entirely occupied with the subject of slavery, and the factious Northern members so far triumphed as to oust nearly all the editors of newspapers connected with the Conference, filling their places with men more opposed to slavery in all its forms, and necessitating in this city the establishment of a new weekly Conservative Methodist newspaper, independent of the Conference. The recent speech of a distinguished Senator has also, by its ultraism, and its exaggeration, and one-sided views of slavery, contributed not a little to the general disturbance. These, and other similarly cogent reasons, must be taken as an introduction to what we are now about to advance.

Without taking an extreme theory, and afterwards paring down facts to fit, according to modern usage, we begin by saying that, from the inherent characteristics of the negro race, we deduce the fact that the black man is intended by God to be the servant of the white man, as much as children are intended by nature to be subject to and dependent on their natural guardians; that the natives of Africa are no more able, by a spontaneous effort, to raise themselves from their debased social, moral, and religious condition, than a newly born infant is capable of supplying itself with food and raiment without the care of its parents; that every Christian man must recognize the responsibility which God's providence has laid upon the superior race to provide for the wants, both temporal and eternal, of the inferior one; that, to accomplish this end, the white race must exercise a certain amount of control and authority over the black; and that, as a natural sequence, negro slavery, in some form or other, is part of the harmonious system established by God, in his good pleasure, for man's governance.

We assume, what we suppose no sensible, not to say Christian, man can deny, that there can be no civilization, no progress, no improvement, in any race of men, without labor; and that, if this is true of mankind at large, it is doubly true of the negro, who, by his physical and mental conformation, is less inclined to labor than any other race of men. All experience proves this to be a fact. The British experiment of the emancipation of the negro slaves in the West Indies—that tribute paid by the British nation and government to the fanatical sentimentality of the Exeter Hall faction, which, under a monarchical government, has produced the results towards which the despotism of democracy in our own country is now hurrying us—proves it beyond a doubt. There, in the most fruitful country in the world, where nature pours out her stores with the most lavish bounty, where man has but to stretch forth his hand and gather abundantly all that is requisite for the sustenance of his body, and where we should suppose the negro race, living under free institutions, and in all respects placed on an equal social footing with the white race, would be the most favorably situated for attaining the highest degree of civilization of which they are capable, what do we find? We find that the present generation, those born free, who have never been *compelled* to work, and who consequently have worked as little as they possibly could, have fallen off very materially from the standard of civilization attained by their slave fathers; that they are rapidly degenerating into a condition of barbarism, and that, in a few years, if left to themselves, they will not be far above the social average of their race in Africa.

The only cause that can be discovered for this retrogression is in the fact that they are no longer under the guidance and control of the white race, and are not now compelled to undergo the discipline of labor. Work, mental discipline induced by bodily labor, is the only means which can have any effect in civilizing and Christianizing, or even in keeping the negro race from retrogression after it has once arrived at a certain point of progress. The permanent happiness of the negro can only be effectually promoted by making him labor. We say *making him labor*, because not only is his peculiar organization, as a human being, such as to indispose him, of his own will and accord, to labor, but his being without labor is the great cause of his degradation and misery. This, as it appears to us, is the only true and sensible view to take of this subject, whether we regard it from a purely secular or purely religious point.

All history and all experience prove that labor is a necessary means to civilization. Revealed religion teaches us that in the sweat of his face man shall eat bread. No object, worthy of attainment, can be accomplished, either in our natural or spiritual life, without constant labor; and no man or race of men can advance, either socially, morally, or religiously, without constant, well-directed exertion—in other words, without *work*.

Granting, then, the absolute necessity for labor, taking in conjunction with this the clear proof, which we are prepared to advance, of the constitutional distaste for labor inherent in the negro—constitutional laziness, for which he is no more accountable than for the color of his skin—and it follows that, if he is to be raised, it must be by some power external to himself; that, in short, he must be reduced to a condition of slavery in some form or other, however much it may be modified by circumstances.

This point then being settled, it next arises for consideration—Is it justifiable in the white race so far to act in contrariety to abstract notions of justice, so far to set aside what are generally known as the "natural rights" of the negro race, as to bring that race into subjection? In other words, Is it not desirable that large bodies of our fellow-creatures, even at the sacrifice of what might sentimentally be considered their "natural rights," should be raised from that state of barbarism, and degradation, and wretchedness, in which the negroes of Africa are now sunk, and placed in a state of society where their natural rights, that is, the rights of man in a savage state, would be changed into adventitious rights—those only rational rights, after all, as belonging to a state of society which possesses the power to make laws and regulations for its own maintainance, for its own welfare, and for the happiness of all concerned. We have used the word *sentimentally*; and we have done so not without thought. That sort of freedom which some people prate about as the natural right of the negro does not deserve to be regarded as anything better than mere sentimentalism, when we come to apply it to any practical means that may be made available for raising him out of savage life. It is all very fine to talk of such liberty—to talk of God having made every man free. The lines of the poet are, doubtless, very affecting to sentimental minds, when he tells us that we should all be—

> "Free as nature first made man,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

But who that has tasted the happiness of civilized and social life would wish to be a "noble savage," and run wild in the woods, even for the sake of enjoying such freedom as his natural right?

The question answers itself. It is doubtless our duty, as a Christian people, to bring this degraded and brutalized race under the influence of Christianity and within the pale of the Church, *even in spite of themselves*. The theory of abstract right to liberty is at once proved false by the facts which can be brought to bear upon it. It is altogether useless to say that the negro has a right to liberty, when it can be conclusively demonstrated that he is physically unadapted for it. God has given no rights to man that he has not adapted man for exercising, and the fact of the negro being, as a consequence of his fallen and miserable condition, thus unadapted, proves that he is incapable of enjoying liberty.

NO. II.

On the opposite page will be found an editorial article from the columns of *The New York Times*, of the 18th inst., entitled "A Carnival of Cant." Without indorsing what *The Times* says, *in toto*, we may yet be allowed to congratulate our contemporary very heartily upon the conservative position he has assumed, and to welcome him into the ranks of sound journalists. We sincerely hope that we are not premature in thus extending the right hand of fellowship to our somewhat erratic neighbor, but time alone will show whether or not he has forsaken the error of his ways and entered upon a new course of action.

We do not hold that it is absolutely within the province of a purely religious journal to enter the arena of politics, and to descant upon the current secular events of the day; but the slavery question has been so much mixed up with religious parties that it has now almost become a subject for polemical discussion—thanks to the efforts of "Dr. Cheever and other apostles of his kidney." Our object is to show that the American Church, as contradistinguished from the sects, is absolutely sound and conservative upon this point, and that, whatever may be its purely political aspect, the Church is prepared to uphold what it believes to be an abstract good, and divinely sanctioned institution.

We have said that we do not indorse all that *The Times* has to say upon the subject. The passage we principally object to is this:

"The 1st of August, as our readers know, or ought to know, is the anniversary of West Indian emancipation, a serious and noble national act, which cannot be degraded in the estimation of sensible men, even by the abuse to which it was, on this occasion, subjected by Dr. Cheever and his British friends."

Now, at all events, we suppose *The Times* will admit that it is an open question whether the emancipation of the negro slaves in the British West India colonies was a "noble national act," or whether it was not rather the practical result of a mere sentimental theory. We join issue upon the question.

As we have remarked, in a previous article, the negro is physically unadapted for liberty. It is utterly false, in fact, to say that all men are born free and equal. They never have been, are not, and never can be so. Neither angels in Heaven, nor men on earth, nor devils in hell are equal. It is not for us to question the justice of God's works. He has, in his wisdom, allowed one race of mankind to be sunk in the depths of barbarism, and sin, and ignorance—sunk to such an extent that it would almost appear an impossibility for them to rise to the standard of the other race who hold sway over them, even by the most severe course of training, extending over any number of generations. We may not question God's right to do this, but must accept the fact, and follow our plain duty, self-evidently dependent upon and deduced from that fact.

A very eminent Christian philosopher, who has no predilections for slavery in itself, but would regard it as a question that must be made to concern, most of all, the eternal happiness of those who are its objects, remarks very forcibly upon the case of servitude, as that which, in the circumstances of such a people as the negroes, must be made compulsory—as, indeed, it is virtually so even among civilized people, although under other aspects. His words are very remarkable when he says: "That beings in the form of men, but sunk by their own faults to the state of brutes, should be placed under severe restraint, should be compelled to labor against their wills, should be even thrown into chains, should be deprived of all power, and subjected to the stern control of others; this is but a necessary provision for the safety of society, and an execution of the justice of nature."* It is true, he is here speaking more particularly of those who are placed under such restraint on account of their crimes. But where is the real practical difference, as respects man's civilization, and that human progress in which every man, be he black or white, is more or less concerned—where, we say, in such a connection as this, is the real practical difference between a man's own faults, and the faults of his race, and the faults of the condition into which he has sunk? The negroes of Africa are just as great criminals against society, and against God, as are the convicts of any penal settlement. They are all alike sunk to the state of barbarism, and they must be dealt with accordingly—"must be placed under severe restraint, be compelled to labor against their wills, be deprived of all power, and be subjected to the stern control of others." The negroes, we say, are, as a matter of fact, in precisely this situation. And when the eminent Christian writer we have just cited goes on to observe, "that, being weak and helpless, they should be made dependent upon those who are strong and wise—that they should not be thrown (or left) upon their own free will, which can only lead them into ruin—that they should be placed under such coercion as will restrain them from evil, and under such subjection to others as may bind their own interests permanently to the interests of their masters; this, also, is not cruelty or injustice, but the same merciful provision which places the infant in the cradle at the mercy and disposal of its parents, without will or voice of its own." To whom, we say, can such language as this apply—where are they to be found who are in any such circumstances—if not the millions of African negroes about whom we are writing?

Had the theories of the Abolitionists never been put into practice, their specious appearance would have been more likely to have deceived many soft-hearted and not very strong-headed persons; but the experiment has been tried, and has failed most miserably. Not only have the emancipated negroes in the British possessions ceased to be useful to others, but they are in a much worse condition, physically and morally, than they were while held in a state of slavery. With the obligation to work, labor has ceased, and with the cessation of labor, civilization has also come to a full stop; nay, if such an expression may be allowed, barbarism has advanced. All labor is civilizing. There can be no civilization without creating necessities, and these necessities can only be supplied by labor. Thus labor acts and reacts to the advantage of those who are called upon to engage in it. Well has the poet said of it,

> "'Tis the primal curse,
> But softened into mercy; made the pledge
> Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan."

No one who knows anything of the nature of the negro race can fail to acknowledge that they must be treated very much as children would have to be treated, whom we wished to train up in the ways of civilized life. They must be subjected to control; and, if it be necessary, to coercion. There must, at any rate, in such a case, be servitude; we cannot possibly secure the labor of such a people without it—we cannot make the slightest advance towards obtaining it, except on a principle of servitude.

We have all along insisted upon the fact that the negro race was physically adapted for slavery, and unadapted for liberty. We will very briefly explain how this is: The black man has but little activity of brain; but, at the same time, possesses peculiarities of organization which adapt him for servitude. His veneration is so strong that he must exercise it upon some object, and he is disposed to set a higher value upon others than upon himself. He is very obtuse to mental pain or distress, and is almost insensible to moral suasion, unassociated with the infliction of physical pain, though the most effectual method of controlling him is to appeal to his religious sensibilities. When these are aroused, he is devoted and faithful to those who rule him, and in this position he can be of most use to the civilized race; while, on the other hand, if his religious dispositions are allowed to remain inoperative, he becomes exceedingly vicious, and a curse to himself and his master. Unless, however, his religion is directed by the Church, he runs into the extreme of fanaticism; and, under the direction of sectarian teachers, becomes, to all intents and purposes, a wild man in his religion. It is, therefore, of the very greatest importance that he should be brought under the influence and authority of the Church. He is inordinately disposed to steal, and will never willingly work for a living, so long as he can supply his wants by theft.

In view, then, of all the facts of the case, we cannot understand how any class of men, not utterly blinded by fanaticism—like *The Tribune* and its readers—or totally ignorant of the negro, and all that pertains to him and his surroundings—like that portion of the British public which makes its voice heard in Exeter Hall and other congenial places—can for a moment pretend to doubt the abstract justice of that system of negro servitude established in the Southern States of our Union.

The great question as regards the negroes in this country is, how are they to be disposed of so as, at the same time, to advance their own good and the interests of the race to whom they are subjected? And the only rational answer to this question is this: They must continue in a state of forced servitude to the whites, and must be owned and possessed by the latter as property. By this, however, must not be understood that their bodies and souls must be owned and possessed, but that their labor must be the property of the white man, who shall control their actions and oblige them to do and be what God has designed.

* Sewell's Christian Politics.

## Selections.

### *THE BLESSINGS OF ABOLITION.*

[From a Sermon by Rev. W. H. FURNESS.]

My design now is to hint—I can only hint—at some of the results that would be realized, supposing the question were settled, that all the inhabitants of this country, without regard to complexion, were free—free to this extent: that not a man, woman or child could be bought and sold; and that every one should be at liberty to work with the prospect of being paid for his labor; in a word, that personal liberty were everywhere, South as well as North, inviolable.

IT WOULD MAKE PEACE BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

1. In the first place, it is evident that all the excitement which now disturbs the country, and to which an end has so often in vain been attempted to be put, would at once cease to exist. The animosities which have destroyed the vitality of our civil Union, rendering it a Union only in name, would no longer find place. They would all die away. It is true, as naturally as sparks fly upward, occasions of misunderstandings and jealousies appear among men. So long as men are as they are, bad passions will be stirred, and controversies, more or less serious, will arise. But I am free to declare that I cannot see that any root of bitterness would remain to produce any lasting alienation of one part of the country from another, if slavery were abolished. On the contrary, there are evident and strong inducements to lead us to live in peace, and to convert the Union into a living natural bond. We all speak the same language. We are interlaced, not only by many common interests of trade, and by frequent intercourse, but by the sacred ties of kindred and intermarriage. And the differences of climate and natural productions tend directly to unite us. There is, moreover, this important thing to be considered: if slavery be abolished—and, be it observed, it can be abolished only by the efforts of the whole people, North and South, East and West, united heart and hand in accomplishing the great object—then there could remain no cause of dissension, no conflict of interests that would not be completely overpowered and swept away by the strong sympathy, the unity of mind, which would necessarily flow from fellowship in this great work. Here is a consideration which does not yet seem ever to have been fully appreciated. There is the utmost anxiety to preserve and strengthen our Union; and Presidents and parties and public meetings resolve over and over again that it must be preserved. Why is it that we do not see what a sure and powerful means it is of uniting men in the closest fellowship, to set them laboring for one common and good end? As we are separated from one another, and made bitterly hostile by having, or fancying that we have, opposing interests, so let us all be interested in one and the same object, and instantly and as certainly as by some chemical affinity, a cohesive force is developed; and we, who were repellent before, rush together and become warm friends. Do we not see this truth illustrated over and over again, even in trade, which generates so much selfishness, and where the avowed object of all concerned is to look out each for himself and make as much money as he can? Let two or more persons in trade arrange their common transactions so that each is profitable to all the rest, what fast friends do they soon become, intimate as brothers, ready to serve one another in emergencies each with his whole fortune!

If, in mere matters of trade, having reference only to material interests, the effect of working together is to produce harmony and good fellowship, who shall undertake to estimate the beneficent result, when the common object shall be the very grandest that can excite the imagination and inspire the energies of man! They who labor together for such an object—to right what is wrong, to establish universal justice and freedom—soon come to be united to one another by ties far transcending in strength and intimacy the ties of blood. They are nearer to one another than the nearest blood relatives. They are related spiritually, essentially. They are one; and no ordinary causes of division can make the slightest impression on them.

Now I say, that if slavery be peacefully abolished—and most earnestly do I pray that it may so be abolished, and only so—for no other than a peaceful abolition of it, would I ever lift a finger or breathe a word, for no other could be really successful—if, I say, slavery is peacefully abolished, it will only be through the united effort of the whole people of the land. And, being united in the accomplishment of so humane a work, the people will naturally, and almost unconsciously, have a bond of union formed between them all, so strong that no geographical divisions, no diversity of their lesser interests, will be able to break it. I do not believe it is in the power of the boldest imagination to conceive the effect which a united effort in this great work would have in making this people a united people in all respects—in binding this vast empire together as with iron and adamant. At present, the existence of slavery is a fountain pouring forth, in ever fresh streams, bitterness and death. But let it be abolished, and the very act of abolition, calling into exercise all that is generous in human nature, as it necessarily would, must not only put an end to all hostility, but, in the place of hatred and malignity, create a rich full flow of all kindly human feelings. Let it be that the work of abolition must be attended by many and trying difficulties—no great improvement in human things can ever be brought about, under the most favorable circumstances, without trouble—still, let the work be begun with an irrevocable resolution, and the difficulties that may arise will only call into action all the more vigorous, those sentiments and sympathies out of which will be woven an indestructible Union.

Imagine, too, if you can, what a reason we should then have for a noble pride in our native land, and how that pride would make us all feel as one man. At present, while every true lover of his country must weep and blush for it, our national pride—such as it is—by what is it sustained? By our vast extent of territory, our mere material magnitude, by the variety of our arts and manufactures, by our visible wealth, by our military and naval power, and at the best, by the memory of our fathers, from whose example we have degenerated, and whose precepts of wisdom and liberty we ignore. But how weak and superficial are these occasions of pride, in comparison with the fact, when once it is accomplished, that ours is the soil on which the grandest deed in all history is realized, when the heavy chains and burdens, under which millions of our fellow-men have been crushed, are all undone, and a multitudinous host of the oppressed set free, lifted up from the dust to the immortal expectations of the children of God! Then patriotism will no more be a sentiment which a decent man is almost ashamed to avow, such a pretence has it been to cover the basest self-seeking. Then every bosom may glow with an honest pride, for every foot of a land consecrated by so God-like an act of justice will be "hallowed down to earth's profound and up to heaven." The very dust of our native country will shine like gold, and with electric power send up noble thoughts into every mind; and such a thing as sectional prejudice will no more be named amongst us. If the one hundredth anniversary of our national birthday, which is now not far off, and which many of you may hope to see, be destined to celebrate the abolition of slavery—had we only reason to expect so magnificent a day so near at hand, what an era of national greatness would then open upon the world! What tongue could tell the splendor of that time! "Vision of glory, spare my aching sight! Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!"

This, then, my friends, would be the first grand effect of the abolition of slavery. Not only would all the agitation, which creates so much alarm, come to an end, the very act of abolition, calling forth the best sentiments of all classes, would unite us so closely that nothing would be able to separate us. Then, indeed, there would be neither North nor South. Out of the broken chains of the slave will be formed an indissoluble Union.

IT WOULD HELP THE BUSINESS OF THE COUNTRY.

2. I turn to another quarter whence our light will break forth as the morning, when the oppressed are set free.

The abolition of slavery would speedily throw open a new and broad field to trade, a crowded and busy market for our merchants and artisans and manufacturers. Strange is it that our men of business do not see this. But the truth is, that, while there is nothing so adventurous and radical as commerce, neither is there anything which is more timid and conservative. While it rushes forth to explore new seas and unknown regions, and is accounted the most daring of missionaries, compelling governments to send great naval armaments to knock at the gates of the populous empires of the East, and force them to open to it, it trembles so at any change that threatens to disturb the course of traffic, that there is no abuse, no barbarism, that it will not cling to, as a child to its mother's bosom, to avert such an exposure. But for this short-sighted conservatism, our men of business would see that slavery is only another name for an enormous restriction upon trade; that it is keeping in chains some four millions of their customers, disabling them from buying and selling. We have just been told by a slaveholder, in the National Senate, that the support of a slave costs ten dollars a year. Other similar authorities estimate the expense at double this amount—twenty dollars. Assuming this last rate, may it not be safely asserted that if a slave can be kept upon twenty dollars a year, a free man will require not less than five times that sum? A slave, debarred from holding property in anything, even in his wife and children and himself, is of course unmoved by all those inducements, and forbidden to indulge any of those wants which the idea of property creates. He has nothing to buy or to sell. A free man, having charge of himself and family, stimulated to exertion, instantly wants a great many things, and is ambitious to obtain them. And what is more strikingly characteristic of the African race than a fondness for dress and gay colors? Have we not been told of individuals of this race, who, after toiling all day under the lash, toiled nearly all night to procure the means of appearing in clothes as fine as their masters'? When this trait of the African character is considered, we may well wonder that the brains of our business men do not sink down into their pockets, and enable them to see what a host of eager consumers the abolition of slavery would send pouring into their market-places. Abundant as are our factories and shops, and our various means and materials of trade, I believe it would require an activity such as our great marts, New York and Philadelphia, thronged and enterprising as they are, have hardly begun to dream of—and the dreams of commercial speculation are very magnificent—to keep up the supply to the demand which the abolition of slavery would create.

Here is a result of that blessed event, which it is important should be brought fully into view. One of the chief obstacles to emancipation is the apprehension that it must ruin trade irretrievably. That it would not temporarily derange our commercial affairs, I do not by any means affirm. No great changes, as I have already observed, are ever made without some temporary inconveniences. But that such evils as are predicted from letting the oppressed go free, would be suffered, I have not the shadow of an apprehension.

For example: it is said that slavery could not be done away without frightful scenes of rapine and massacre. Violence and murder are to be dreaded from the continuance of slavery, not from its ceasing to exist. They are its natural fruit, and plentiful is the bloody crop which it produces. But let slavery cease, and all alarm on this score would cease with it. Let the oppressed be set free by the voluntary, conscientious act of the slaveholders themselves, convinced of the folly and guilt of oppression—the only desirable, the only effectual way in which emancipation can take place—and the very night of that bright day, the slaveholders and their families will know, for the first time, perhaps, for many a long year, the comfort of sound sleep. In the British island of Antigua, where the blacks far outnumbered the whites, on the day when the act of emancipation took effect, did the freed slaves rush to arms? They flocked unarmed to the churches and thanked God.

IT WOULD PROMOTE IMMIGRATION.

3. A third great consequence of the abolition of slavery would be the inflowing of a full tide of immigration over all the sunny lands of the South, enriching the soil, increasing its value like an inundation of the Nile. At present the great stream of population that sets so steadily from the Old World to the New flows past the South as if it were a plague-stricken region, or an unbroken waste of sand, instead of being, as it is, the luxuriant garden of the land. And for the plain reason that manual labor is dishonored there, by being identified with the most abject servitude. Let the brand of shame be erased, let the yoke be removed which degrades the laborer to a beast of burden, and instantly the whole South will be overflowed with honorable and improving labor. I verily believe that, in a few years, we should depopulate Europe, and could afford to dismantle our fortifications and ships of war. The Old World despotisms would have no materials for armies left, no men willing, even if able, to fight against us. At all events, the immigration that would ensue upon the abolition of slavery, and that nothing could check but the most thorough changes in the social organization of the Old World, would so enhance the value of land at the South, as, in a few years at the farthest, to compensate the slaveholders abundantly for the pecuniary loss which the emancipation of the slaves might involve.

ITS MIGHTY MORAL INFLUENCE.

4. Another sure and imposing consequence of letting the oppressed go free, which I can only hint at—it is beyond my power to portray it—would be the moral effect of such an event throughout the whole world. Who shall weigh the influence of the glorious spectacle of thirty millions of human beings, living in the full enjoyment of personal liberty; every individual in possession of his God-given rights! All unjust forms of government would melt away like snow, before such a luminous argument for the capacity and dignity of human nature. What a new faith in man would it inspire! What a commanding sentiment of human respect would take the place of the contempt which is now the soul of all oppression! Then the fierce Eagle that now distinguishes our national ensign, only too well representing our national character, might give place to the Dove, emblem of peace, symbol of the Spirit of God, bearing the olive branch, the pledge of hope to all mankind.

IT WOULD REVIVE PURE RELIGION.

5. The last result of the disappearance of slavery from our land which I shall mention, but by no means the least, is the Revival of Religion which it would imply, the triumph of our common Christianity which it would be. At present, slavery, instituted and legalized, with savage prejudices and passions drawn up in powerful array all around it, and with all the force and patronage of the government to protect it, has silenced the religion of the land, which hardly dares to mutter a word of pity for the oppressed. The religious sentiment of the people is forced to occupy itself with phrases and outside observances, and let Justice and the Love of God go; and so religion has become, to a melancholy extent, a mere compound of bigotry and cant; and thousands of thoughtful men are heartily disgusted with it. Over one-half the land not a whisper against the reigning iniquity is permitted, and the Bible is appealed to for its defence, and everywhere Truth is in chains. Were slavery abolished, not only would the Reign of Terror cease, but the religion of the land, so long suppressed, or wasting away on husks, would receive a new life. Indeed, the bare act of abolition would be only another name for a new and rich experience of vital religion, the experience of a whole great people; and we should all see the difference and be able to distinguish as never before between the living genial reality which reaches and purifies the heart, kindling generous thoughts, and the dead creaking machinery of a sanctimonious formalism. The economical, the social, the political benefits that would accrue would be great. But they are insignificant in comparison with the religious power of so beneficent a change.

Thus have I endeavored, my friends, to show how our light would break forth as the morning, the morning of a day of unprecedented brightness, were the yoke taken away. If I had the gifts of an angel I could not tell you half the good that would ensue. I cannot believe that the happy results of abolition are to remain forever hidden from the eyes of those at the South whom it most nearly concerns to engage in the great movement. I confess I shall not be surprised at any moment to hear that our Northern advocates of slavery are suddenly left in the lurch by some one or more leading Southern men catching a glimpse of the bright dawn that will break upon the land when the oppressed are set free, and obeying the heavenly vision. It is true, at this present time, with a fanaticism amounting to insanity, they claim it as a sacred right to extend slavery far and wide; and insist that the traffic in human flesh is a divinely authorized institution. But there is reason to believe that they are driven to take this ground, not from deliberate conviction, but by the blinding terror in which they live day and night. They would fain lighten the terrible burden by extending it. As the light of truth is more and more concentrated on the whole subject, they must come sooner or later to see it as it is. And the instant the South confesses a willingness to get rid of oppression, I believe the North will be ready, heart and hand, with all its power to aid in the blessed work, so little sectional feeling is there here. In the meanwhile, as we love our country, as we value righteousness and mercy, as the religion of Jesus is dear to us, it is our duty to maintain the holy cause of the oppressed. All claims to religion, nay, to civilization, to common humanity, are suspended, so long as we are indifferent to the rights and wrongs of our brothers.

### *SOUTHERN SOCIETY.*

[Extract of a letter from Georgia, in the New York *Evangelist.*]

IT is to the strange appetite for stimulants belonging to a forming society, that one is tempted to refer the almost exclusively Southern custom of snuff-dipping. Let not the word suggest a mild-eyed old lady celebrating a completed round on the stocking with an ill-concealed pinch—a young girl chewing a twig dipped in snuff is the attractive reality. The custom prevails throughout all the South, and if we except the really refined, who are free from it, extends through all grades of society: the white girl with pale and sallow cheeks sharing the habit with the half-masculine plow-woman of the plantation; the mother with a countenance preternaturally old from the life-long self-abuse, dipping in the same box with a daughter of eight.

But nothing in the South affects a stranger so singularly as the prevailing recklessness in reference to human life. Seek the cause where we may, it is perfectly certain that there is here a fearful want of appreciation of the value of human life. [illegible] which pervades all society. Although pistols are common enough, the jackknife—with us symbol of all peaceful arts—is the popular weapon. The results of this new meaning of the pocket-knife are such as might be expected. The most trivial difficulties are settled by its ready arbitration. With knives school boys fight, drunken men quarrel, business men decide misunderstandings, negroes are brought into subordination.

Young men, it is true, are generally armed with pistols, and who will refuse sympathy to the amiable desire for an occasion to use a new revolver? exaggeration in this matter is hardly possible. The list of deaths by violence which a few months' residence in a thinly settled neighborhood would supply, and these under provocations the most trivial and frequently absurd, are almost beyond belief. For cases of this kind excite but a passing remark in a community, and are seldom noticed in the papers. Killing means a temporary removal to a neighboring County or State. The law is strict enough in *form*, but the slightest provocation will satisfy the popular conscience, and if the criminal is out of *that* community, it is enough.

This martial spirit was aroused during the late John Brown excitement. It is impossible for one in the North, calmly taking the news with his coffee, to realize the intense feeling that pervaded the South—a feeling which has but just subsided. Every village had its Vigilance Committee, and the swarms of imprisoned pedlars and suspected school teachers gave pleasing evidence of their efficiency. Nothing could escape their microscopic scrutiny. A Northerner was astonished to find himself transformed, in the unimpeachable logic of imagination, to a Yankee, an Abolitionist, an insurrectionist. Military companies were formed (to meet what enemy it would have puzzled *them* to say), and orders were despatched to the North for arms and uniforms. These companies still exist, and drills, encampments, parades, sustain their waning enthusiasm. But the excitement has not spent itself without results. It has familiarized the common people—that great body that follow and mistake prejudice for reason—with the idea of secession.

### *AMALGAMATION AT THE SOUTH.*

Washington Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

ASIDE from the perpetual danger and uneasiness which attends upon American slavery, there is another evil which besets those countries which tolerate it, even more abhorrent to the minds of the dominant race than the perils of bloody insurrection. I allude to the amalgamation of races. The extent of this danger is not at all appreciated, for the reason that the distinctive features of the African soon disappear, and then those of the corrupted blood cease to be designated as colored. Some of the most eminent families in the South are known to have African blood in their veins; and the number of undistinguished whites who are thus connected could be counted by thousands. The odium which attaches to the taint of African blood is so great that families shake it off as soon as possible by a change of residence, and probably of name. In this way, hundreds of free colored people graduate yearly, and pass themselves off as pure Anglo-Saxons. So extensively is this system carried on, that the impression has gained ground that the mulatto race is incapable of propagating itself; whereas, its ambition has prompted it to bleach out and cease to carry the mark of Ham upon its brow.

The fact that persons having negro blood may work out the stain, and be admitted into the upper tier of pure whites, rests not merely upon observation and assertion, but it is regulated by law in several, if not in all the Southern States. The laws of Virginia, of North Carolina, of Alabama and Louisiana, define the term mulatto to be a person having a negro ancestor in the third or fourth degree—for the State laws differ on this point. If I am not mistaken, the Virginia definition confines the term to those in the third degree. For instance, a person whose father is white, and his mother black, is a mulatto, of the half blood. If a female child of this half blood bear a child by a white man, it has only one-fourth negro, and a child of this quadroon by a white man would have but one-eighth negro blood. After this degree, if no further admixture of colored blood takes place, laws of Virginia regard the issue as white, if the mother is free.

How many white people there are in Virginia, who, if the fact were as honorable as it is degrading, could trace their lineage up to the purest Congo or Dahomey, it would be difficult to ascertain. But if we recur to the laws of population, and remember that there were free negroes and mulattoes in Virginia almost from the year that slavery was introduced, the result will be anything but flattering to the vanity of the second, third and even fourth families. Blackstone says: "If we only suppose each couple of our ancestors to have left, one with another, two children, and each of these children, on an average, to have left two more, (and without such a supposition the human species must be daily diminishing), we shall find that all of us have now subsisting near two hundred and seventy millions of kindred in the fifteenth degree, at the same distance from the several common ancestors as ourselves are, besides those that are one or two descents nearer to or further from the common stock, who may amount to as many more." Intermarriages among the descendants of common ancestors would reduce these figures a hundred or a thousand times, as Blackstone admits, but there would still remain a formidable host of cousins. In the case of persons of negro descent, emerging into Anglo-Saxonhood, their ambition would prompt them to seek alliances with the purest blood, lest, unhappily, the mark of Ham should reappear in a luxuriant crop of wool, a swarthy skin, or a flat nose.

It may be hoped that this process of amalgamation has not gone so far as to be ineradicable; but nothing future may be counted on with more certainty than that the continuance of slavery will, in a century or two more, utterly destroy the purity of the Anglo-Saxon sanguine current in the Southern States. The presence of the negro, whether slave or free, must be attended with the same result, and there is no escape but in the removal of the whole colored race to the tropics.

The supposition of Blackstone as to the rate of increase of population is not more than half equal to the fact as it exists in this country; and his table of collateral degrees, with which every Southern law student is familiar, should be studied in the light of this fact. According to that table, one black *propositus* would have 16,384 descendants in the eighth generation! and fully that number of generations have elapsed since the introduction of slavery into Virginia. Well may the Virginians all claim to be of "the First Families." OBSERVER.

### *BURNING SLAVES.*

*To the Editor of the New York Tribune:*

SIR: I have just been reading the speech of a pro-slavery lawyer, made at St. Louis, at a Barrett meeting held there previous to the late election. In speaking of the "peculiar institution," he said that the slaves were well and kindly treated; that they were never overworked nor underfed, and were best off in their present condition. And he "challenged any Abolitionist to show that a slave had ever been burned at the stake in the State of Missouri."

I think, Sir, that I can show, to the satisfaction of the gentleman, that a slave has been burned in the city of St. Louis, and that, too, within fifty rods of the spot where he stood when he made the challenge; and it must certainly be within his recollection, as he informed his audience in the course of his speech that he had lived in the city of St. Louis over thirty years.

The circumstance to which I wish to call his attention is this: On the 28th of April, 1836, a slave by the name of Joshua McIntosh stabbed an officer who had arrested him for some slight offence. The wound proved fatal, and for a short time the negro eluded the vigilance of his pursuers, but was captured during the afternoon of the same day. A mob soon collected, who took him from the officers, fastened him to a tree in the middle of the city, piled wood around him, and in open day, and in presence of an immense throng of citizens, he was burned to death. Inclosed I forward you an article clipped from *The Alton* (Ill.) *Telegraph* of April 30, 1836, in which paper an account of the horrible affair appeared. It says:

"All was silent as death when the executioners were piling wood around their victim. He said not a word, until feeling that the flames had seized upon him. He then uttered an awful howl, attempting to sing and pray, then sung his head, and suffered in silence, except in the following instance: After the flames had surrounded their prey, his eyes burned out of his head, and his mouth seemingly parched to a cinder, some one in the crowd, more compassionate than the rest, proposed to put an end to his misery by shooting him, when it was replied, 'that it would be of no use, since he was already out of pain.' 'No, no,' said another, 'I am not, I am sure one of the friends who was standing about the sacrifice they were roasting, 'he shall not be shot. *I would sooner slacken the fire, if that would increase his misery*;' and the man who said this was, as we understand, an officer of justice."

Ten years ago I was in St. Louis, and was shown several bones of this unfortunate negro, which were preserved by a man who witnessed the burning—he, at the time of my visit there, kept a boarding house. Mr. George F. Farrand, now or late of Muscatine, Iowa, was also present, and has pointed out to me the identical spot on which the tragedy took place.

If the gentleman wishes any evidence as to other negroes being burned in the State of Missouri, I can furnish it—evidence of the burning of eight negroes within the last ten years, and innumerable instances of negroes being burned throughout the slave States.

GILBERT J. GREENE.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1860.

### *SLAVERY AND THE COMING CENSUS.*

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Aug. 25, 1860.

I THINK it was Henry A. Wise who said, some twenty years ago, "The census has dwarfed the South!" He had occasion to repeat the remark after the returns of the seventh enumeration (in 1850) were made, and towards the close of the present year he may give redoubled emphasis to the melancholy refrain. The slaveholding interest is rapidly losing its relative importance and power in the nation, and these decennial computations of population and wealth serve to mark the stages of its decline and fall. Well may the oligarchy dread the census as the children of Israel dreaded the "numbering of the people," for each recurring event of the kind serves to curtail their influence, and augment the antagonistic force of freedom.

The white population of the free States increased between 1840 and 1850, at the rate of 39.42 per cent

front gate, and half a dozen men walking about his yard. He stepped quietly to the next room, and informed his son, Mr. James G. Pickett, of the outdoor aspect of things, and he at once came to my chamber, tapped at the door, opened it and awakened me, saying,

"There is trouble—they have come for you—there are two double teams and eight men out here. What will you do—resist?"

"Yes," I replied, with some emphasis.

"All right," he responded, with the cool decision of a man about proceeding to ordinary business. He then went down stairs, said to his wife, Call up the men—they had eleven workmen in the house—went to the outer door, at which a man-hunter was still knocking, and opened it, when the kidnapper rushed past him into the house, saying, "I am after Mr. Booth, where is he?" Mr. Pickett seized him by the throat and thrust him out beyond the stoop. The hound caught hold of Mr. Pickett's shirt sleeve as he was going, slit it to the shoulder and pulled Mr. Pickett out after him. Two other hounds then seized him, clasping him around his arms, and threw him. Mr. Pickett, releasing his right arm, struck the one who first entered the house a blow in the face, starting the claret. In a moment all were on their feet again. Mr. McCarty asked if Mr. Booth was there, saying he wished to arrest him. Mr. Pickett replied, that it was none of their business—that I had been there—that he had twelve men in the house, and arms, and that the first man who went over the threshold was a dead man, and that Mr. Booth would shoot the first man who attempted to arrest him. The deputy who had been hit, smarting from the sore of his wounds, cried out to McCarty, "Why don't you go in and take Mr. Booth out? Are you afraid? Give me the command, and I'll arrest him." McCarty replied that he didn't want any blood shed, that he wished to reason the matter. McCarty then sent one team back to Ripon for help, and Mr. Pickett sent out messengers on horseback, in different directions, to Ripon, to West Rosendale, etc., McCarty declaring that he would have a hundred men there in an hour or more, and Mr. Pickett replying that he would have a hundred men there first. Then two of the deputies adjourned to a tavern near by for refreshments, and the neighboring farmers began to assemble. The Marshals who were posted in the rear of the house to prevent my escape withdrew to the front. The Stewart neighborhood now poured in its tribute of armed men, and after some very plain talk the Deputies retreated to their carriages. The tables were now turned. Instead of being watchers they were now the watched. Instead of being besiegers they were now the besieged. The Ripon recruits now began to come in, in wagon-loads around, resembling an old-fashioned general training in the State of New York. McCarty's team was started up to go, but his horse's bits were seized by the crowd, and he was very promptly informed that "*meeting was not yet out,*" that he had better wait for his hundred men to come and help him take Mr. Booth. He was kept an hour, and compelled to listen to such lectures on kidnapping as he will not soon forget. He told the farmers that he had been only discharging his duty—that after trying in vain to arrest me before he made return to Judge Miller and delivered up the papers—that Judge Miller requested him to take command of the pieces of the revenue cutter and such other pieces as he could raise and come up and take me, and he refused to do so, and left, supposing nothing more would be done about it—that after returning home the papers were again sent him, with an order from Judge Miller to make another trial—that he had done so, and he was satisfied from the exhibition of the temper of the people that Mr. Booth could not be arrested—that he should go to Milwaukee, make his return to the court, and advise them to give up the attempt to take Mr. Booth, and he pledged his word and honor over and over again never to make another attempt to arrest me, and if Judge Miller or the Marshal insisted on his doing it he would resign. The crowd now proposed to call me out for a speech (I was then standing on the portico of the house some five or six rods from the carriage). He begged them to spare him this, saying that he had pledged his honor not to attempt to arrest me again. But a few words would have been sufficient to have produced an unpleasant state of things on the part of the kidnappers. They were finally, on the faith of McCarty's promises, suffered to depart in peace. Not long after, another load of hounds came up from Ripon, consisting of John S. Horner, T. J. Mapes, Charles Wentworth and an Irishman. Horner thrust himself into the house and behaved with great insolence, said he was a Deputy-Marshal and had a warrant to arrest, not me, but La Grange. He conducted so that finally an ox yoke was put on his neck, as in the picture I read. The original has this inscription: "Considering the cause in which I serve, my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Finally, a vote was passed unanimously that they might depart this time without [illegible] in another attempt to aid in kidnapping they would be suitably dealt with. Thus ended the last attempt at kidnapping. The farmers in great numbers, for miles in all directions, left their wheat stacking—though the weather is such that their wheat is suffering—to defend principles dear to them as life. At noon I came to Ripon with the victors and friends, and dined at the City Hotel.

Yours, anon, S. M. Booth.

# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.


Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."


## *A GENEROUS ATONEMENT TO DR. CHEEVER.*

It will be seen by the following letter, which was read at the 1st of August meeting in London, that reparation has been made to Dr. Cheever for an unintentional injury done him by a gentleman who visited this city some months ago.

27 New Broad Street (London), August 1, 1860.

*To the Chairman at the First of August Meeting at Spafields Chapel.*

Sir: In the February number of *The Anti-Slavery Reporter* an article appeared, and a letter, on the subject of an unpleasant incident which had occurred in the Rev. Dr. Cheever's Church at New York, namely, the removal of the negro servant of Landrosk J. J. Rochussen from the pew he occupied. By this day's mail I have received a letter from my friend Mr. Rochussen, who has been travelling in the United States, and who writes to me from Aylwar, near Ottawa City, Canada, July 20th. From his letter I make the following extract:

"While the question of slavery or emancipation is the order of the day, and its interest goes on increasing, there is one man in the United States whose position appears to me the most sublime, and worthy of the most energetic cooperation of all friends of the cause everywhere. That man is Dr. Cheever, of New York. Within a few days, with next mail, I will write you concerning him, which, besides ardently wishing to do so, in order that our friends may be enabled better to appreciate that most worthy minister of the Gospel, I feel in duty bound to do, by reason of my letter of the 1st of January last, inserted in *The Reporter* of last February. Please be so kind equally to insert in the next number of *The Reporter* this my actual letter and the sequel to it, more especially regarding Dr. Cheever, which I will write you by the following mail, and to which this forms an introduction."

*The Reporter* is out, and I cannot, therefore, accede to my friend's request, but I think it a happy circumstance that Dr. Cheever is to address your meeting this evening, because the earliest opportunity is thereby afforded me of making known to a very large number of persons the justification which I consider my friend's letter conveys of Dr. Cheever in relation to that unpleasant incident. This letter is the more important, as coming from the party who, at the time, felt himself aggrieved, though he exonerated Dr. Cheever from cognizance of the circumstance; and I have the more pleasure in asking you to communicate it to the meeting because through myself publicity was given to the incident in this country. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

The Editor of The Anti-Slavery Reporter.

This is the first indication we have seen, on the part of the Editor of *The Anti-Slavery Reporter*, of an inclination to do Dr. Cheever justice; and we cannot resist the entrance into our mind of a suspicion that he has been quickened to the performance of the duty above discharged by the presence of the misrepresented party in London. Without inquiry and without examination, the editor of *The Reporter* has inserted, eagerly, the worst calumnies against Dr. Cheever which have appeared in the New York journals, whether religious or secular, justifying his course by the affectation of a desire that his readers should see both sides of the question. This excuse might be admitted were *The Reporter* published in this city, although mere courtesy would dictate a previous reference of the facts alleged to the individual accused; but to make a professedly *Anti-Slavery* Reporter the vehicle of disseminating unsupported slanders against a devoted champion of the cause of the slave, 3,000 miles away, is scarcely consistent with the name of the publication. We trust that in the September number there will be a full retraction of the errors so committed.

## "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

It is known to many of your readers that, for two or three years past, my attention has been mainly devoted to the study and discussion of our political relations to slavery, with the hope of being able to devise some plan of political action, by means of which our enslaved countrymen might have the benefit of a judicious, consistent and efficient use of the ballot in their behalf. In the prosecution of this work, I have unexpectedly had to encounter the opposition of the American Anti-Slavery Society and all its auxiliaries, so far, at least, as these associations are represented by their organs and leading official members. In this opposition Mr. Garrison has always taken the lead, although not always, as it has seemed to me, in that spirit of toleration which becomes a movement whose very "being, end and aim" is freedom. You can imagine, then, my surprise when, in looking over the Report of the "Tenth National Woman's Rights Convention," my eye fell upon the following passage in one of his reported speeches on that occasion.

"It seemed to him, in a government like this, that they had nothing more to do than to put the ballot into the hand of woman, as it was in the hand of man. If, after she had a fair share of political power and representation, any of her rights were cloven down, then the fault would be her own. Let her say what shall be the laws, in cooperation with man, and the work would be done. He trusted the day was not far distant when woman would fully enjoy the benefit of the democratic theory of government. That theory we must carry out or go backward to despotism, repudiating the revolutionary struggle, and spitting upon Bunker Hill and Lexington. We must give to all the same rights under a free government; and then we should be a consistent and glorious republic."

Now, I submit to every candid Abolitionist, and to Mr. Garrison himself, whether, if the ballot be a force of such potency that, once in the hands of woman, she would be able to redress all her wrongs, and that ever afterwards, "if any of her rights were cloven down, then the fault would be her own," it is judicious, or even pardonable, to leave its exclusive use to the enemies of emancipation? Is not the ballot as potent to redress the wrongs of the negro as the wrongs of woman? If she, having access to the ballot-box, could thereby defend her own rights, could not the friends of the slave, who have this power already in their hands, use it as effectually for the protection of his? I am unable to perceive how this power could be either augmented or diminished by a mere change of hands; or why it may not be as effectually applied to the protection of one class of our citizens as another. The only point which seems to admit of any doubt is, whether it be, in fact, a power at all, either in the hands of man or woman.

From my present knowledge of political parties I am not prepared to place that unlimited confidence in the power of the ballot which Mr. Garrison here *seems* to inculcate. I think his language an over-estimate of its value, even in the hands of woman. Were she admitted to her full share of political influence, still the utmost vigilance would be requisite in instructing her in the judicious use of a power which, through the ignorance of its possessor, has too often been perverted to his own enthralment. But notwithstanding its liability to abuse from ignorance, from selfishness and from ambition, I am still constrained to regard it, in the present state of society, as among the most powerful agencies yet devised for the protection of individual rights, and the preservation of national virtue, freedom and independence. Hence I can see no sufficient reason for refusing to advocate its use as well for the freedom of the slave as for the protection of woman; nor can I see how any intelligent man can reconcile it to his own conscience that he withholds from his enslaved countrymen the legal protection on which he mainly depends for the preservation of his own liberty and rights.

There are two things which I particularly desire to have explained in the light of our present anti-slavery principles and professions.

The first is, why the American Anti-Slavery Society should oppose, or even refuse to advocate, the organization of a *genuine* anti-slavery political party? The second is the *practical utility* of denouncing the United States Constitution as a "*covenant with death and an agreement with hell,*" and at the same time issuing an "Extra" to scatter broadcast over the land an electioneering speech, the avowed and only ostensible object of which was to elevate to the Presidency a man who stands before the country pledged to the execution of the infamous Fugitive Slave law.

These are measures, the propriety of which I do not fully comprehend. To my own mind, as at present informed, there are no sufficient reasons why an Anti-Slavery Society, seeking only the good of the slave, should either oppose a political party wholly devoted to his interests, or aid one the balance of whose influence is pledged against him. But I wait for light.

Worcester, August 26, 1860. S. S. Foster.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

1. We are unable to see that the passage from Mr. Garrison's speech before the Woman's Rights Convention is in any respect inconsistent with his well-known belief that it is wrong to vote under the United States Constitution. He was contemplating, on that occasion, not the relations of the government to slavery and the duties resulting therefrom, not whether it were right for *anybody* to vote under the conditions which the Constitution prescribes, but the right of woman, equally with man, to determine that question for herself—to vote or not to vote according to her own views of duty. That the admission of woman to the ballot-box would, in view of her numerical equality with man, endow her with large powers of self-protection as against his tyranny, is a truism too plain to need either proof or illustration. Mr. Garrison has never denied the "potency" of the ballot-box as a part of the machinery of government, but only asserted that it should be used under conditions that do not violate the principles of humanity and justice. If the right of suffrage were accorded to woman, in obedience to democratic principles, the question would still remain to be determined, whether she could rightfully avail herself of its "potency" to redress her wrongs, upon the conditions prescribed in the Constitution. The question, whether the ballot should be left to "the exclusive use of the enemies of emancipation" depends not at all upon any consideration respecting its "potency," but upon the moral principles involved in the use thereof. Is not this plain?

2. We have no objection that Mr. Foster and those agreeing with him should organize a political party in accordance with their convictions. Of the purity of their motives in the pursuit of this object we entertain no doubt, and we intend to watch the movement ment with the respect due to the parties engaged in it, and to judge it candidly by its fruits. But the measure does not commend itself to our judgment, and therefore we cannot unite in it, or consent that the agencies of the American Anti-Slavery Society should be employed for its promotion. Those agencies, in our judgment, are all needed for more important, and, as it seems to us, more legitimate work.

3. We did not publish Mr. Sumner's speech to "aid" the Republican party, as Mr. Foster unwarrantably insinuates, but to gratify the general desire of our readers to see it and learn therefrom what could be said in support of that party by an eminent scholar and statesman, for whom, in spite of all differences of opinion between him and themselves, they entertain a very high respect. We deem it a part of our duty to keep our readers well posted in regard to the Republican party and the influences working therein; to show them what is said, from time to time, by the representative men of either wing of that party, that they may have the means of forming an intelligent judgment of its character and designs. The Republican party, with all its deficiencies, shortcomings, and guilty complicity with slavery, is an unripe but legitimate fruit of the anti-slavery movement, and it is playing a part in the current history of the slavery question altogether too important to be overlooked by any worker in the cause. If the time shall ever come when Mr. Foster's new party, for good or ill, is an object of general interest to our readers, on account of the position it occupies and the large influence it exerts upon the slavery question, it will be our duty to keep our readers posted in regard to its movements.

We do not think so meanly of the intelligence and moral discrimination of our readers, informed as they are continually by the potent reasonings of Garrison, Phillips, Pillsbury and other illustrious champions of a higher and purer faith, as to suppose that they cannot be trusted to read a Republican speech, even "without note or comment" from us. We flatter ourselves that The Standard, in the principles it diligently and earnestly maintains, and by the general tone and quality of its discussions and criticisms, furnishes a tolerably potent antidote to whatever heresies it may incidentally give currency.

## *THE PLACE WHERE THE SHOE PINCHED.*

The London correspondent of the Boston *Puritan Recorder* (a pro-slavery journal, resembling in all essential particulars *The New York Observer*) fills one of his communications with an account of the welcome extended to Dr. Cheever in that city. After giving a sketch of what was said and done in the meeting in Spafields Chapel, he adds:

"I may mention that in the afternoon, before the meeting, an address, prepared by what is called the London Emancipation Committee, was presented to Dr. Cheever, at the house of a zealous Abolitionist, Mr. Dennis McDonnell, in the presence of some fifty ladies and gentlemen, who subsequently were entertained at tea. The company included several of the conductors of our most widely circulated newspapers and leading metropolitan ministers; and both Dr. Cheever and Mrs. Cheever were subdued to tears by the kind things that were said of them, and the promises of support made.

"The address, I think, would have been proposed for the adoption of the public meeting, had there not been indications of probable exception being taken to the commendation it contained of Mr. W. L. Garrison. The name of that gentleman is 'a word of fear' to the large majority of Christian ministers and people of England, in consequence, I suppose, of the trenchant articles put forth some years ago by Dr. Campbell, in the *British Banner* and *Christian Witness*.

"I noticed that when Dr. Cheever, in the course of his speech, said a good word for Mr. Garrison, that a cloud passed over the faces of most the ministers on the platform, and I cannot discover that *The British Standard* has allowed the sentence to remain in the printed transcript of the Dr.'s manuscript, although the report is affirmed to be *verbatim*, and, with that noticeable exception, no doubt it is."

We knew, instinctively, when we first read *The British Standard's* report of the Spafields meeting, that it was the commendation of Mr. Garrison, contained in the address of the London Emancipation Committee, that made the clerical speakers on that occasion so careful not to endorse that admirable production of George Thompson's pen. It was precisely there that the shoe pinched. The anti-slavery ministers of England have been blinded and deceived in regard to Mr. Garrison's character by the deliberate and persistent misrepresentations of their American brethren—the Pomeroys, Thompsons, Bacons, and others—who have sought to divert attention from their own shortcomings and shield the American Churches from deserved censure, by denouncing him, and those associated with him in the anti-slavery cause, as infidels. We are glad, for the cause's sake, to learn, as we do from the correspondent of *The Puritan Recorder*, that Dr. Cheever, in his address on the first of August, "said a good word for Mr. Garrison," though we are sincerely sorry that his testimony should, from any cause, have been distasteful to any English Abolitionist. We have no doubt that Dr. Cheever will do much to remove the prejudices against Mr. Garrison that have been so diligently excited and fostered among many earnest friends of the slave in Great Britain by unscrupulous Americans, and that, before he returns to the United States, he may be able to "say a good word" in his behalf, not only without raising a "cloud" on the faces of "the ministers on the platform," but even with their heartiest approbation. He seems, indeed, to have been providentially raised up and prepared by his own bitter experience to demonstrate the insincerity and malevolence of those who have long sought to mask their hostility to the American Anti-Slavery Society under the false pretence that its leaders and managers are infidels. Their treatment of him affords indisputable evidence that genuine abolitionism is what they have all along been warring against.

Sentence of Four Years. Letters from Kansas state that there is likely to be much suffering there in consequence of the destruction of the crops by drouth. Already many people are living almost exclusively upon dry corn-bread. It is feared that the poverty of the people will prevent them from procuring wheat for fall-sowing, and that thus the scarcity of the crop will extend through the next year. Hundreds and thousands of people are said to be leaving the Territory. A correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Lawrence, after presenting a gloomy picture of the state of things, thus concludes:

"On the whole, I cannot recommend any general demand for aid from the States, and am sorry that any such appeals have already been made. I oppose it from principle as well as from the example given us in 1856. Our people should now show their ability to endure hardship and not yield to any ordinary misfortune. Their fortitude should be as notable now as was their patriotism in times past; and nothing could be more humiliating to the bone and sinew of our population than to see Kansas send forth a swarm of beggars. It shall not be so, unless the most iron endurance fails, and the first necessities of life drive us to the alternative. As yet that is not probable, and our prayer is that we shall be spared the affliction to ourselves no less than to you. Almost any system of aid that we might adopt would leave behind a stain; judging from the lesson of 1856, a withering, moral curse would follow in its train."

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Leavenworth, talks in a similar strain:

"In this connection it would be well to notice the frequent appeals emanating from the Territory, asking for breadstuffs, clothing, money, horses, etc. That the unexampled drouth of the past season has burnt up all the crops of some sections is true; that there is some individual suffering among us is equally true—so there is in any place—but we have yet to hear from any person who has touched the starvation point or is likely to, as some have pretended. Prices current are regulated by scarcity and supply. In Lecompton, 50 miles away from Missouri, where prices rule higher than at Lawrence, flour is quoted, August 16th, 1860, per 100 lb $4 25; corn meal per 100 lb 50c.; potatoes per bush. 75c.; beans $1; eggs 10c. per doz.; ham per lb 9 to 15c.; hay per ton $7.

"Still, with all this, in some portions of the Territory, the farmers have driven their stock to Iowa to winter them, and will return with them and resume their avocation in the spring. But even these persons have all disclaimed knowledge of the deep suffering said to prevail. That relief will come in some part from the Territory itself is unquestionable, and we trust sufficient to preclude the necessity of seeking outside aid."

The Lawrence *Republican*, having occasion to rebuke the Leavenworth *Herald* for a most unjustifiable attack upon Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt, who is now in Kansas, says:

"Mr. Hyatt is a wealthy citizen of New York, who has been the constant and generous friend of the people of Kansas. His efforts in their behalf in 1856 have not and will not be forgotten. His attention having been arrested by several letters from Kansas in widely circulated Eastern periodicals, giving accounts of actual and probable suffering on account of the failure of the crops from drouth, he determined to make a visit to the Territory, to see for himself. We hope Mr. Hyatt will find that the dangers of suffering among our people have been exaggerated, although it is useless to disguise the fact that, in many sections of the Territory there is great destitution. The press of the Territory along the Missouri border, we fear, is not aware of the actual state of facts in many sections of the interior. We have studiously endeavored to look at matters in as favorable a light as possible, but daily conversation with men from all sections of the country satisfies us that the loss of our crops has been, if anything, *under*-estimated. It is also a fact that large numbers of families are daily leaving the Territory, although most of them contemplate returning in the spring. It will not do to say, that all of these are shiftless and fainthearted. The mass of them would be glad to stay, if they could; but they have raised nothing—have no money—can find no employment, and must either leave, become objects of charity, or *starve*. That is the plain, honest state of the case. With such a state of facts, while we trust it will not be necessary to appeal for foreign aid, we do not feel like throwing mud at a generous gentleman who has voluntarily sought our borders, and whose benefactions to our people in the past have entitled him at least to respectful treatment at our hands."

Slaveholders in England.—*The Evening Post* credits the following paragraph to an English paper. It shows the estimate which a large portion of the English people entertain of slavery and slaveholders:

"It was nothing but the failure of a lukewarm constituency which prevented a motion being made in the House of Commons that it was not for the Queen's honor that ministers should advise her to admit a representative of slave States to her table. There ought to be a second table, as might be for the representative of the Cannibal Islands. Such thoughts are dangerous, because whether men like them or not, they tell which way the wind is blowing."

# Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3, 1860.

We had a somewhat novel case before one of our courts last week, the chief facts of which were as follows:

A slave-master from Virginia, William T. Conquest by name, had come to Philadelphia, bringing with him a slave-woman, whom he held to service and labor. This woman disclosed her case to a Quaker lady, living near her master's residence, and expressed a desire to be free. She was assured that she could have her wish, and that immediate steps should be taken to secure its accomplishment. The facts of the case were made known at the anti-slavery office, and to Passmore Williamson, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society. By appointment, an interview was had between Mr. Williamson and the woman, at which the latter repeated her desire to be free. Mr. Williamson informed her that she *was* free, and might leave the service of her master at any time that suited her. He also told her that she might, through a friend, take out a *habeas corpus*, and compel her master to show cause why he held her, and thus be legally declared free by the court. This latter method pleased her best, because it would put her liberty beyond a peradventure, and at the same time would require no active steps on her part. She was exceedingly desirous that she might not appear to be the mover in the matter, and stipulated that no steps should be taken till just before the time fixed for her return; so that, if the thing should fall through and she be obliged to go into slavery, the blame would not rest with her.

The time fixed for her return, as was understood, was the 30th of July. Accordingly, Mr. Williamson, on behalf of "Sina Conquest;" and as "her next friend," sued for and obtained a writ of *habeas corpus* commanding William T. Conquest to bring the body of the said Sina before the Court, etc., etc. This command Mr. Conquest obeyed by producing the woman in Court, and making return "that he does not detain the above-named Sina Conquest, and does not claim to hold her to service or labor within this Commonwealth, and that she is at liberty to depart if she desires to do so;" stating furthermore, that he had informed her before leaving Virginia, that "by the laws of Pennsylvania, she would be free on her arrival in that State."

Wm. S. Peirce, Esq., on behalf of the woman, asked the Court—Judge Ludlow—to inform her of her rights. Whereupon the Judge, after a few words of preliminary statement, announced to the woman that by the laws of Pennsylvania, having been brought here by her master, he residing here, she was a free woman; but that, if she should return to Virginia, she would, by the laws of that State and a decision of the Supreme Court, be again a slave. He called upon her then and there to make her election.

After a pause, the woman said, as the papers report, "I think I would rather go back. I will be better satisfied and contented; and I feel that I will be better off in the end."

At this there was suppressed applause among the Quarter Session lawyers, and one gentleman of great name in that court—Constantine Benjamin Franklin O'Neill, Esquire—declared audibly that she was "a sensible nigger." The slave-master, finding himself in sympathetic company, grew impertinent, and applied opprobrious epithets to Mr. Williamson; and the pro-slavery hangers-on of the place enjoyed for a moment an unexpected triumph.

The explanation of the whole thing is obvious. Mr. Williamson allowed the slave to remain with the master and subject to his influence, after the service of the writ. Of course, having been a slave for fifty years, the poor thing could easily be coaxed and wheedled by him into anything he might choose. She had a husband and children at the South, and with such ground of appeal she could easily be managed. The weakness of the poor creature, and her submissiveness to her recognized owner, only make her case the more pitiable.

It was a mistake in Mr. Williamson to let the woman come under the influence of her master after the issue of the writ. He might have foreseen the result. We had a case in many respects similar, about eleven years ago; that of the man Daniel Pearson, from New Orleans, brought before Judge King on a like writ of *habeas corpus*. The man was extremely desirous to be free, but quaked at the very thought of confronting his master in court. "What would become of him if he should fail? His friends sent him out of his master's way, and when the time came for the hearing of the case, had to give him stimulants to support him. He had for his counsel the late Thomas Earle, Esq., assisted by his son George, who was just then admitted to the bar, this being his first case. The counsel for the slaveholder was Charles O'Neill, Esq., late State Senator from this city, and at present a prominent politician in the "People's Party." Mr. O'Neill did his best, though he made a pitiable figure, to get the man back into slavery; but it was no use. The master had made return, as did this man Conquest, that he did not claim this Judge King treated as evasive, and he declared the man to be free, as against any law, and Daniel went his way rejoicing. To make assurance doubly sure, he left at once for Canada. But if the master had had him alone a half an hour, who can doubt that he would have come into Court, as did poor Sina, expressing a preference to go back into slavery?

Our newspapers generally reported this Conquest case without invidious or improper comments, but the *Evening Journal*, a print established by mendicancy and subsisting by mendacity, seized upon it as an occasion for impeaching the honesty of Abolitionists in general, and the veracity of Passmore Williamson in particular. It charged Mr. Williamson with affirming to a falsehood. To this Mr. Williamson replied, through his lawyer, that unless the accusations were immediately and publicly withdrawn, he should commence legal proceedings. Some correspondence ensued, after which Mr. Grayson published a statement from Mr. Williamson, introduced by some remarks of his own, which, taking it all together, Mr. W. regarded as the retraction desired. And this, so far as appears, has ended the matter. I send you herewith an extract from the *Journal* containing the "statement," etc., referred to. Perhaps it would be well to publish it. I ought to add, that Judge Ludlow, after hearing the woman's decision, expressed himself substantially to the same effect as did the less polished C. B. F. O'Neill, Esq. He commended her choice.

This Judge Ludlow is the J. R. Ludlow who, it will be remembered, volunteered his services, and would not be put off, in the Hannah Dellum slave case, that was tried before Judge Kane some nine years ago. He was supported by another young lawyer, Leonard Myers, Esq., who had also evinced a strong desire to be employed in the case. Neither of these gentlemen had ever been heard of before by our anti-slavery friends, but the fervency of their zeal was such that it was not deemed best to refuse their offer. The part taken by Mr. Myers in the trial was modest and not unbecoming, but Ludlow spread himself more conspicuously. Having, probably, few other professional duties to attend to, he had prepared an elaborate speech, and this, though neither called for by the proprieties of time or circumstance, he persisted in delivering. It was humanitarian and anti-slavery to an excess not usual in a legal argument, but as the Judge, whose mind was evidently made up, bore it with apparent patience, the Abolitionists were compelled to do the same. The case was decided against the woman, and the two young barristers disappeared from the anti-slavery arena as suddenly as they came. The next time Mr. Ludlow turned up was on the occasion of the Treason Trials. He was sub-employed in that case by U. S. District Attorney Ashmead, and he labored with as much zeal to convict Hanway and Lewis, as he had before to secure the discharge of Hannah Dellum. From this time forth Mr. Ludlow became conspicuous as a Democratic politician, and in due course he was nominated by his party and elected to his present dignity. If now he should show a little antipathy to Abolitionists and corresponding sympathy with slaveholders, the reason is obvious. In theory, a judge on the bench is, or ought to be, impartial and above the sway of personal feeling; but in practice, pro-slavery Democrats in this position sometimes find in it a convenient opportunity for gratifying a private grudge. Mr. Ludlow may, notwithstanding his record—such things are possible—be an upright magistrate; but the writer of these presents, were he ever unfortunately to fall into the Judge's power, should expect little from his clemency, and not much more from his sense of justice.

The political cauldron in these parts is in a complete bubble, and little is talked about now but the approaching elections. The different party Conventions, to nominate candidates for Congress, have been in the throes of labor for the past week, and the result is now before the public. In the First District the Honorable Tom Florence, notwithstanding his dirty devotion to his party, has been superseded, and a man of the name of Lehman been nominated in his place. As the opposition in the district is divided, Lehman will probably be elected. In the Second and Third Districts, E. Joy Morris, and J. O. Verree, the present incumbents, have been renominated. In the Fourth District, Wm. D. Kelley is the Republican nominee, and in the Fifth, Wm. Morris Davis.

Foster, the Democratic candidate for Governor, has challenged Curtin, the Republican nominee, to a public discussion of the questions at issue between them, and it is announced that the challenge has been accepted. The Republicans should be careful how they put the capacity of their candidate to the test, for Foster is said to be a man of ability. Mr. Curtin is not held in high esteem by the best men of his party, and he will receive the votes of many who think him unworthy the office to which he aspires. Such is the way of politics. The chief arguments that I have heard urged in Curtin's favor are, that he is a good-looking and good tariff man. Brave qualifications, are they not, at a juncture like the present, for a high governmental office!

Our moral suasion campaign has been opened for the fall, and anti-slavery meetings, which were suspended by the hot weather, are now being held again. Across the river on the Jersey side, Samuel Aaron, Edwin H. Coates, Mahlon B. Linton and John P. Hazleton, have been doing yeomen's service in the speaking line; and yesterday a large anti-slavery meeting was held in the woods near Pennsville, Bucks County, in this State. The speakers on this occasion were Reuben Tomlinson, H. R. Warriner, Esq., Captain James Montgomery of Kansas, and J. M. McKim. Captain Montgomery happened to be passing through Philadelphia, and was persuaded by a friend to tarry over and attend this meeting. His presence excited great interest; for the fame of his daring services in the Kansas conflict had gone before him. The people, albeit friends of peace and he a warrior, were glad to greet him. They regarded him as an earnest, sincere, and, in his way, conscientious opponent of slavery, and as such they gave him the right hand of fellowship. They were a little surprised, as were we all, that the Captain could use his tongue with a skill scarcely inferior to that with which he handled his sword. He is a man of education and a good speaker. Clear, concise and fluent, with a modest and dignified manner, and a most pleasing expression of countenance, he chained attention, and made a good impression. There can't be much said for the logic with which he advocated, as auxiliaries to the cause, the use of the ballot and bullet, but the effectiveness with which he exposed to contempt the poltroonery of quiet submission to oppression entitled what he said to favorable regard. At any rate, the audience—Quakers, women, Garrisonians, non-resistants, and all—listened to him with a pleased attention.

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society is, to be held this year at Kennett Square. The precise time is not yet definitely settled, but it will probably be on the 24th and 25th of October. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who was invited, has signified his intention to be with us, a circumstance that will give great pleasure to the numerous friends who are in the habit of attending this important meeting, M.

We annex the "Statement" of Mr. Williamson, with the introductory remarks of *The Evening Journal*, to which our Correspondent refers.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S EXPLANATION.

We have received the following explanation of the manner in which Mr. Williamson became involved in the case of Sina Conquest. It will be seen that he had reason to believe that Sina Conquest was unwilling to return to Virginia, and was anxious to have him interfere in her behalf. Mr. Williamson owed it to himself to give this vindication of his character, and as we have been instrumental in eliciting it and placing it before the public, we think *The Journal* has more than atoned for any injustice it may have done him. We publish his card with great pleasure, and are free to say that Mr. Williamson believed that the statements which he affirmed were true.

STATEMENT OF MR. WILLIAMSON.

On Sunday evening last I was called upon, at my dwelling house, by an acquaintance, who stated that a colored woman, then at the residence of his mother, wished to see me in relation to the necessary or proper course to secure her liberty. I immediately accompanied him to the place designated, and there found Sina Conquest. She, in the presence of the mother and son, related the facts of her having belonged to Wm. T. Conquest, in Accomack County, Va., and his bringing her here, as appears by his return to the writ of *habeas corpus*; that he had notified her of his intention to send her back the next Wednesday morning, much earlier than she had expected, but that she did not wish or intend to go if she could help it; she wished to be free and remain here. She had worked for others as a slave for more than fifty years, and now thought she ought to be free. I told her that under the circumstances she was undoubtedly free, and had nothing to do but to pack up her things and bid Mr. Conquest good-by, and if he made any attempt to restrain her or force her to go to Virginia, to resist and call upon the police, or that I could issue a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the Court would declare her free and protect her from being sent back. The latter course she earnestly requested to be pursued, with the natural and usual fear and anxiety as to the result, requesting the service of the writ to be delayed until as near the time proposed for starting as possible, and most earnestly and repeatedly cautioned me not to let it be known that the proceedings were at her instance, for fear it would be worse for her in case she had to go back, as Mr. Conquest was a man who would make her suffer for attempting to get away from him. After attempting to quiet her fears by the assurance that there was no danger, I left her. What followed is already on record in the report of the Court proceedings.

August 30th, 1860. P. Williamson.

The above narrative of Passmore Williamson is entirely correct; the interview referred to was at Sina's repeated request, and at it she earnestly and freely expressed the desire to be free, and that the means pursued in her behalf should be resorted to for the purpose of securing her remaining here in safety. Mary E. Dickinson,

Samuel E. Dickinson.

# From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXXV.

The Argument'—The Correspondent accounteth for his silence—He doeth justice to his readers and to himself—He cereth for his health—And why?—And how?—He discerneth on change of scene—He confesseth his shortcomings and his itinerary preferences—He journeyeth to Berkshire—What he saw and how he lived it—He proceeds to Catskill Mountain, which, with its belongings, he describeth—He goeth to Idlewild—His adventures at West point—His patriotism breaketh down—He refuseth to be Tylerized—He blameth the katydids—And standeth up for Katy—He commendeth the Republican Convention—And Mr. Andrew, their candidate—But with differences—He anticipateth a Good Time Coming, etc., etc., etc.

Boston, September 3, 1860.

I hope your readers have noticed that it is a month since I wrote to you last. Indeed it would be a reflection on their intelligence and good taste to doubt it for a moment. I find that I have not imparted to them of my stores of wisdom and knowledge since I told them about the Abington pic-nic, diversified with divers savory commentaries, excursions, exegeses and disquisitions on various points of doctrine and practice, all of them tending to their edification and growth in grace. After so severe a strain upon my brain, following upon a succession of such Herculean efforts of the intellect as any who are competent to judge will perceive that my letters must be, I felt myself entitled to a brief relaxation from the severity of my labors. And not merely entitled, but bound, in duty to my readers and the world, to take such relief as might secure to both a reasonable probability of a continuance of my toils in their behalf. I know you would not have me break down, like poor Theodore Parker, through excessive mental labor, in the very bloom of my days. Besides, the close confinement within the limits of the city,

"Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,"

engaged day and night in hunting up topics for my correspondence, to which your readers may well guess that I am condemned, demands an occasional break and variety to make it possible. So I made a short excursion, which your readers must forgive, even if it did rob them of one of my letters, seeing that it may be the means of their having many more. And you will be glad to learn that it hath been of such good effect that they that know me best are comforted in the belief that they are in no immediate danger of losing me from the over-taxing of the brain.

I did not go far, but made a very sensible little turn, within the reach and means of almost everybody, which afforded a great variety of charming scenery—not new, indeed, but all the better for that. And, indeed, I should like to know what scenery is newer than the creation of the world? It is sometimes improved a little, much oftener spoiled, by men's attempts to mend it; but the main materials of hills and woods, and waters and valleys, must ever remain substantially the same. Some there be that delight in making the desert their dwelling place; sometimes, by way of change, with one fair spirit for their minister, but generally without. Such like to trace the forest's shady scene, with the wild flock that never needs a fold, where mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been. *I* don't. They think it fine to "camp out," to sleep on the ground with their feet to the fire in the centre, with the blue vault for a tester and the stars for night-lamps. I prefer sleeping in a bed, and in a ceiled chamber. I don't justify myself. I daresay it argues a very low state of mind. But such is the fact. The Adirondack wilderness is open to those that like it. Its admirers may have it all to themselves for all me. I elect, rather, the settled country, moderate civilization, country taverns, better or worse—generally *worse*, but better, at all events, than none at all—such approach to Christian cookery as they afford, and my regular meals. So instead of plunging into the Adirondack country or the wilds of Maine, I contented myself with Berkshire County, in this State, for a beginning.

And it was a very good beginning. In the first place, it was not hard to get at. The Western Railway conveyed me to Pittsfield in time for dinner, and I liked the place so well, for one odd reason or another, that I stayed there three days. The scenery is very fine about there, and the drives charming—at least, I had several very particularly charming ones. But the pleasures of my visit there did not entirely depend upon the beauties which nature had lavished on the landscapes around. They were heightened by sympathies, companionships and friendships, old and new, such as can make the barrenest prospect smile. So I did uncommonly well. Of course, I passed up and down the valley of the Housatonic, and admired the picturesque beauties of Lenox and Stockbridge. The only fault I have to find with the Valley is, that it hides the Housatonic too much. The lack of the landscape is water, as a general thing. Where that element can be brought into the views, nothing can well be finer than they are. I passed by the house long the summer residence of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and which he has made one of the estates of all of us, and our heirs forever. And also that with which all the readers of *The Independent* are

# New Publications.

## OLMSTED'S THIRD VOLUME.

A JOURNEY IN THE BACK COUNTRY. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. 12mo., pp. 492. Mason Brothers.

WE have here the third and last of the series of volumes in which Mr. Olmsted undertook to give the results of his personal observation of the influence of slavery upon the morals, social habits and enterprise of the Southern States. Having first given us a narrative of a journey in the seaboard districts of the older slave States, and then of a rapid tour west of the Alleghanies and of a winter spent in Texas, he now asks us to follow him among "the hill-country people, mainly among those who are engaged in, or most directly affected by, the production of cotton." That we may understand the views and purposes with which he commenced his task, let us look a moment at what he tells us in his preface:

"Before preparing this volume, I had given more than two years careful study simply to the matter of fact of the condition of the people, especially of the white people, living under a great variety of circumstances where slavery is not prohibited. There has been no publication of observations made with similar advantages and extended over so large a field. I may add that few men could have been so little inclined to establish previously formed opinions as I was when I began my journey in the South. I left a farm in New York to examine farms in Virginia. The Fillmore compromises had just been accomplished; a reaction from a state of suspicion and unwholesome excitement was obvious in the public mind. Looking upon slavery as *an unfortunate circumstance, for which the people of the South were in no wise to blame*, and the abolition of which was no more immediately practicable than the abrogation of hospitals, penitentiaries and boarding schools, it was with the distinct hope of aiding in this reaction, and of aiding those disposed to consider the subject of slavery, that I undertook to make a personal study of the ordinary condition and habits of the people of the South. I believed that much mischief had resulted from statements and descriptions of occurrences which were exceptional, as if they were ordinary phenomena attending slavery. I had the most unquestioning faith, that while the fact of slavery imposed much unenviable duty upon the people of the South, and occasioned much inconvenience, the clear knowledge of which would lead to a disposition of forbearance, and encourage a respectful purpose of assistance (such as soon after this found expression in the organization of the Southern Aid Society), there was at the time a moral condition of the race in connection with slavery—that there was an expression of peculiar virtues in the South, too little known or considered, the setting forth of which would do good."

Without stopping to comment upon the singular mental and moral obfuscation exhibited in the comparison of "hospitals" and "boarding schools" with a system which annihilates the distinction between personality and property, and denies to its victims the possession of any rights which the white man is bound to respect, we simply call attention to the fact, that Mr. Olmsted was so far from being an Abolitionist that he does not even profess to have been moved at all by sympathy with the slaves or indignation toward the masters. He regarded slavery not as a crime, but only as "an unfortunate circumstance (!) ton which the people of the South were in no wise to blame" (!!). Surely a man whose optimism is so marked as this is not likely to give us too dark a picture of slavery; and hence the following confession from Mr. Olmsted is full of meaning:

"I will not here conceal for a moment that I was disappointed in the actual condition of the people of the South, citizen and slave; that the more thoroughly and the longer I was acquainted with that which is ordinary and general, the greater was my disappointment. In the present aspect of affairs, it would be an affectation of moderation if I retrained from expressing my conviction that the larger part of the people of the South are in a condition which cannot be too much deplored, the extension and aggravation of the causes of which cannot be too firmly and persistently guarded against."

In one respect it is fortunate that Mr. Olmsted is not an Abolitionist, for the fact will commend his testimony to thousands who might otherwise receive it with utter incredulity. Whatever we may think of the conclusions to which he was brought by the facts disclosed in his work, there is no room for doubt that the facts themselves are perfectly reliable, or at least that they are in no degree colored by a too earnest sympathy for the slave, or too deep an indignation toward the master. Our traveller, indeed, seems to have gone about his business with an impassibility like that which skilful surgeons often exhibit in operations that make every nerve of the human body an instrument of torture. His manners and conversation were so frank and conciliatory that he seems to have won the confidence of all whom he approached, while his powers of observation were always awake and under perfect control: and he describes scenes and events so graphically, though so simply, that you seem to yourself, as you read, to be almost an eye-witness of all that he relates. The book, on this account, has all the charm of a novel, and any one who permits his eye to glance at a single page will feel an almost irresistible impulse to read the whole. And, indeed, we wish the whole might be read in every household in the free States—and, for that matter, in the slave States as well—for it could not fail to make Abolitionists of tens of thousands who are now utterly indifferent to the wrongs of the slave. The author evidently regards Abolitionists as prejudiced and extravagant in their views; but they have never asserted any doctrine respecting slavery, or drawn any picture of its evils, that is not more than justified by Mr. Olmsted's testimony. If the advocates and apologists of slavery would but concede the facts contained in this single volume, we would not hesitate, on this evidence alone, to go before any honest, impartial jury, and undertake to prove, by incontrovertible logic, that the "institution" is evil, and only evil, and that continually, and that it would be impossible to abolish it a moment too soon—that, in fact, the best interests of the masters as well as the slaves would be promoted by an edict which should, in the twinkling of an eye, give freedom to every bondman.

It is common with those whose prejudices against Abolitionists have never allowed them to make a candid examination of their principles and measures, to assert that they are in the habit of treating exceptional cases of cruelty as if they were ordinary phenomena attending slavery; and, upon this false assumption, the class of persons referred to proceed gravely to show that all slaveholders are not monsters—that some even treat their victims with great kindness, giving them plenty to eat and to wear, and even surrounding them with luxuries which thousands of freemen never enjoy; as if they thought that Abolitionists were either ignorant of this fact, or under some necessity for concealing it. Such people, however, only show their ignorance of the writings of Abolitionists, or a discreditable lack of candor in stating their views. Let any man examine the literature of the anti-slavery movement—its newspapers, tracts and books—from 1831 to the present day, and he will find set forth therein, with all needful discrimination, the lighter as well as the darker features of the system. Abolitionists have judged slavery, not by isolated cases of cruelty, but by the principles on which it rests and the statutes which define and regulate it; and future generations, "emancipated and disenthralled," in looking back upon the history of the conflict, instead of seeing occasion to charge them with exaggeration and extravagance, will wonder how, with such a system to describe, they could have been so candid and temperate.

We have already published some very interesting extracts from this volume (see STANDARD for Aug. 4th and Aug. 11th), and may perhaps find room for others at a future time. We wish now to call the attention of our readers to one scene which Mr. Olmsted witnessed on a plantation in Mississippi, of which he made a pretty careful examination. "I found the manager," he says, "a delightful companion, and I have known no man with whose natural tastes and feelings I have felt, on so short an acquaintance, a more hearty sympathy." The overseers "were superior to most of their class, and, with one exception, frank, honest, temperate and industrious, but their feelings toward negroes were such as naturally result from their occupation." Is it unfair to assume that a plantation in charge of a manager so "delightful as a companion," and of overseers "superior to most of their class," is, on the whole, a favorable sample of its class? Mr. Olmsted tells us that, "in the main, the negroes appeared to be well taken care of, and abundantly supplied with the necessaries of vigorous physical existence. A large part of them lived in commodious and well-built cottages," etc. "I several times saw gangs of them eating the dinner which they had brought, each for himself, to the field, and observed that they generally had plenty, often more than they could eat," etc. Let us see now what was the discipline to which these well-fed, happy slaves were subjected by the "delightfully companionable" manager and the overseers, "superior to most of their class."

"The whip was evidently in constant use, however. There were no rules on the subject, that I learned; the overseers and drivers punished the negroes whenever they deemed it necessary, and in such manner, and with such severity, as they thought fit. 'If you don't work faster,' or 'If you don't work better,' or 'If you don't recollect what I tell you, I will have you flogged,' are threats which I have often heard. I said to one of the overseers, 'It must be very disagreeable to have to punish them as much as you do?' 'Yes, it would be to those who are not used to it—but it's my business, and I think nothing of it. Why, sir, I wouldn't mind killing a nigger more than I would a dog.' I asked if he had ever killed a negro? 'Not quite,' he said, but overseers were often obliged to. Some negroes are determined never to let a white man whip them, and will resist you when you attempt it; of course you must kill them in that case. Once a negro, whom he was about to whip in the field, struck at his head with a hoe. He parried the blow with his whip, and, drawing a pistol, tried to shoot him, but the pistol missing fire, he rushed in and knocked him down with the butt of it. At another time, a negro whom he was punishing, insulted and threatened him. He went to the house for his gun, and as he was returning, the negro, thinking he would be afraid of spoiling so valuable a piece of property by firing, broke for the woods. He fired at once, and put six buckshot into his hips. He always carried a bowie-knife, but not a pistol, unless he anticipated some unusual act of insubordination. He always kept a pair of pistols ready loaded over the mantel-piece, however, in case they should be needed. It was only when he first came upon a plantation that he ever had much trouble. A great many overseers were unfit for their business, and too easy and slack with the negroes. When he succeeded such a man, he had hard work for a time to break the negroes in, but it did not take long to teach them their place."—P. 82.

We come now to the scene of which these general statements are the prelude, and which illustrates the method by which the "well-fed" negroes on this plantation were "broken in" and "taught their place."

WHIPPING A NEGRO GIRL.

The severest corporal punishment of a negro that I witnessed at the South occurred while I was visiting this estate. I suppose, however, that punishment equally severe is common—in fact, it must be necessary to the maintenance of adequate discipline on every large plantation. It is much more necessary than on shipboard, because the opportunities of hiding away and shirking labor, and of wasting and injuring the owner's property without danger to themselves, are far greater in the case of the slaves than in that of the sailors, but, above all, because there is no real moral obligation on the part of the negro to do what is demanded of him. The sailor performs his duty in obedience to a voluntary contract: the slave is in involuntary servitude. The manner of the overseer who inflicted the punishment, and his subsequent conversation with me about it, indicated that it was by no means an unusual occurrence with him. I had accidentally encountered him, and he was showing me his plantation. In going from one side of it to the other, we had twice crossed a deep gully, at the bottom of which was a thick covert of brushwood. We were crossing it a third time, and had nearly passed through the brush, when the overseer suddenly stopped his horse, exclaiming, "What's that? Hallo! who are you there?"

It was a girl lying at full length on the ground at the bottom of the gully, evidently intending to hide herself from us in the bushes.

"Who are you there?"

"Sam's Sal, sir."

"What are you skulking there for?"

The girl half arose, but gave no answer.

"Have you been here all day?"

"No, sir."

"How did you get here?"

The girl made no reply.

"Where have you been all day?"

The answer was unintelligible.

After some further questioning, she said her father accidentally locked her in, when he went out in the morning.

"How did you manage to get out?"

"Pushed a plank off, sir, and crawled out."

The overseer was silent for a moment, looking at the girl, and then said, "That won't do—come out here." The girl arose at once, and walked toward him; she was about eighteen years of age. A bunch of keys hung at her waist, which the overseer espied, and he said, "Ah, your father locked you in; but you have got the keys." After a little hesitation, the girl replied that these were the keys of some other locks; her father had the door key.

Whether her story was true or false, could have been ascertained in two minutes by riding on to the gang with which her father was at work, but the overseer had made up his mind as to the facts of the case.

"That won't do," said he, "get down on your knees." The girl knelt on the ground: he got off his horse, and holding him with his left hand, struck her thirty or forty blows across the shoulders with his rough, flexible "rawhide" whip. They were laid on as a boatswain would flourish a skulking sailor, or as some people flog a baulking horse, but with no appearance of angry excitement on the part of the overseer. At every stroke the girl winced, and exclaimed, "Yes, sir!" or "Ah, sir!" or "Please, sir!" not groaning or screaming. At length he stopped and said, "Now tell me the truth." The girl repeated the same story. "You have not got enough yet," said he, "pull up your clothes—lie down."

The girl, without any hesitation, without a word or look of remonstrance or entreaty, drew closely all her garments under her shoulders, and lay down upon the ground, with her face toward the overseer, who continued to flog her with the rawhide across her naked loins and thigh, with as much strength as before. She now shrunk away from him, not rising, but writhing, grovelling and screaming, "Oh, don't sir! oh, please stop, master! please, sir! please, sir! oh, that's enough, master! oh, Lord! oh, master, master! oh, God, master, do stop! oh, God, master! oh, God, master!"

A young gentleman of fifteen was with us: he had ridden in front, and now, turning on his horse, looked back with an expression only of impatience at the delay. It was the first time I had ever seen a woman flogged. I had seen a man cudgelled and beaten, in the heat of passion, before, but never flogged with a hundredth part of the severity used in this case. I glanced again at the perfectly passionless, but rather grim, business-like face of the overseer, and again at the young gentleman, who had turned away: if not indifferent, he had evidently not the slightest sympathy with my emotion. Only my horse chafed with excitement. I gave him rein and spur, and we plunged violently into the bushes and scrambled fiercely up the steep acclivity. The screaming yells and the whip strokes had ceased when I reached the top of the bank. Choking, sobbing, spasmodic groans only were heard. I rode on to where the road, coming diagonally up the ravine ran out upon the cotton field. My young companion met me there, and immediately afterward the overseer. He laughed as he joined us, and said: "She meant to cheat me out of a day's work, and she has done it, too."

"Did you succeed in getting another story from her?"

"No; she stuck to it."

"Was it not perhaps true?"

"Oh, no, sir; she slipped out of the gang when they were going to work, and she's been dodging about all day, going from one place to another as she saw me coming. She saw us crossing there a little while ago, and thought we had gone to the quarters, but we turned back so quick, we came into the gully before she knew it, and she could do nothing but lie down in the bushes."

"I suppose they often slip off so."

"No, sir; I never had one to do so before—not like this; they often run away to the woods, and are gone some time; but I never had a dodge-off like this before."

"Was it necessary to punish her so severely?"

"Oh, yes, sir" (laughing again). "If I hadn't punished her so hard she would have done the same thing again to-morrow, and half the people on the plantation would have followed her example. Oh, you've no idea how lazy these niggers are: you Northern people don't know anything about it. They'd never do any work at all if they were not afraid of being whipped."

We soon afterwards met an old man, who, on being closely questioned, said that he had seen the girl leave the gang as they went to work after dinner. It appeared that she had been at work during the forenoon, but at dinner time the gang was moved, and as it passed through the gully she slipped out. The driver had not missed her. The overseer said that when he first took charge of this plantation the negroes ran away a great deal—they disliked him so much. They used to say it was hell to be on his place; but after a few months they got used to his ways, and liked him better than any of the rest. He had not had any run away now in some time. When they ran away, they would generally return within a fortnight. If many of them went off, or if they stayed out long, he would make the rest of the force work Sundays, or deprive them of some of their usual privileges until they returned. The negroes on the plantation could always bring them in if they chose to. They depended on them for their food, and they had only to stop the supplies to oblige them to surrender.

Is it not surprising that a man who had witnessed such a scene as this, which he confesses is the legitimate and necessary fruit of slavery, could doubt the practicability and wisdom of immediate abolition, and even speak of the system as a thing to be tolerated, like "hospitals, penitentiaries and boarding schools"? Is it not passing strange that a man of New England birth and education should have returned from such an inspection of slavery to avow such sentiments as these?

"The subjection of the negroes of the South to the mastership of the whites, I still consider justifiable and necessary, and I fully share the general ill-will of the people of the North toward any suggestion of their interfering politically to accomplish an immediate abolition of slavery." "I do not see that a mere setting free of the blacks, if it could be accomplished, would surely remedy these evils. An extraction of the bullet does not at once remedy the injury of a gunshot wound; it sometimes aggravates it."

As if anybody were foolish enough to contend that "*a mere setting free* of the blacks" would at once remedy the untold evils of slavery—evils that have accumulated through centuries of oppression! No, Abolitionists maintain that emancipation, though indispensable on every ground of morality and expediency, is only a first step—the mere beginning of the great work for the redemption not only of the slaves but of the masters from the terrible blight and curse of slavery; and for proof that the Right way is also the Safe way, they appeal to the history of emancipation in the West Indies, or wherever else the experiment has been tried.

We repeat that Mr. Olmsted's book is exceedingly valuable for the light which it sheds upon the workings of slavery, and the manners and customs of the South. Abolitionists ought to read it themselves and circulate it among their neighbors. The facts it contains will bring most readers to sounder conclusions than those to which they have led the author.

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THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. X. *Jerusalem—Macfeerin.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The merits of this work become more conspicuous with the issue of each successive volume, and are now conceded in quarters from which, at first, proceeded hostile criticism. The plan may not, in all respects, be universally deemed the best, but there can be no doubt of the catholicity, impartiality and thoroughness with which it has been thus far executed. The editors are evidently laboring, in good faith, to make it as complete as possible in every department; and we have no doubt that when they have completed their task, it will be universally regarded as creditable to the scholarship, taste, and literary enterprise of the country. The present volume is as rich as any that preceded it in all the various departments of human knowledge—geography, history, science, biography, etc. Among the contributors we notice the names of Robert Carter, Hon. Charles King, Prof. Theophilus Parsons, Hon. William Kent, W. Gilmore Simms, C. C. Hazewell, E. Brown Séquard, M.D., Rev. Dr. Schaff, and many others of equal eminence in the world of letters. Among the living characters of whom biographies are given are Charles King, Charles Kingsley, Caroline M. Kirkland, Louis Kossuth, Alphonse de Lamartine, Walter Savage Landor, Francis Lieber, Jenny Lind, Sarah J. Lippincott, Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Lord Lyndhurst, and many others.

We suspect the editors will find it quite impossible to complete their work, as they at first intended, in fifteen volumes; but the purchasers will not mind the expense of two or three extra volumes, if so many should be found to be necessary.

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THE MISSION OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT: An Oration by Rev. H. P. CROZIER, delivered at Huntington, N. Y., July 4, 1860.

Mr. Crozier is one of that small band of ministers who, "faithful found among the faithless," dare to utter in the pulpits what they think in their hearts. This oration is instinct with the spirit of this extract:

"Deny human freedom to the least human being in the republic, unconvicted of crime, and you deny his human birthright. You deny that eternity, with its sublime possibilities, is open to receive him among the sons of God. Without personal freedom man cannot fulfil his social, political, moral, and religious destiny. Slavery, in every form, whether it be the chattel slavery that classes man with things, or the soul slavery that binds man to an infallible Church, or the traditional slavery that binds him to the creed of his fathers with the withes of an unquestioned assent, is the enemy of all progress, all civilization, and the very door and highway of barbarism! It impedes and imperils civilization, it educates men backward instead of forward, downward instead of upward. Every energy of nature, of an all-embracing, all-loving Providence works against it with the powers of omnipotence. Chattel slavery impoverishes the soil, palsies the industries and corrupts the morals of the people who sustain it. Driven from the strongholds of natural justice, reason, conscience, men have gone to the Bible for its support. The Bible is the text-book of liberty. For every text you can show for oppression, I will show you ten where the oppressor is scathed as with the lightnings of God."

Heartily as we assent to nearly all that Mr. Crozier says, and much as we admire the general tone of his oration, we must frankly acknowledge that his allusion to JOHN BROWN and his remarks on Disunion strike us as flippant and illogical. His optimism on the latter point is certainly no answer to the arguments against the Union which have weight with us. He says very truly that "full one-half of the whole wrong and of the whole responsibility of slavery is with the North, in the commercial, social, political and religious patronage that from the first has given it countenance and respectability"; but he fails to proclaim the truth, that the sin of the North is organized in the very Union which he declares to be founded in a "decree of nature."

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THE BLESSINGS OF ABOLITION: A Discourse, delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, Sunday, July 1, 1860. By W. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Son.

We have indicated our deep sense of the value of this discourse in copying largely from its pages. [See first page.] It would make an excellent tract for general distribution. Among the small number of devoted ministers in this country who preach earnestly, heartily and persistently against slavery, no one deserves a warmer tribute of gratitude from the friends of freedom than Dr. Furness, and certainly no one shares more largely in their esteem and admiration. When we contrast his fidelity, in giving "line upon line and precept upon precept" upon this great subject, with the faithlessness of another eminent preacher in Philadelphia, who, although he has uttered strong anti-slavery sentiments in print, is dumb before a wealthy and fashionable congregation, many of whom are in deep complicity with slavery, we have no difficulty in deciding which of the two is most worthy to be called a minister of Christ. Albert Barnes may or may not have a better creed than W. H. Furness; the latter certainly gives by far the best evidence that his faith in Christianity is living and vital. If Mr. Barnes had preached against slavery for the last twenty years as faithfully as Mr. Furness has done, the city of "Brotherly Love" would not, probably, be now a part of the demesne of the slave-hunter. "Ye sha'l know them by their fruits."

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AN ADDRESS, delivered before the American Peace Society, Boston, May 28, 1860. By SAMUEL J. MAY, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. May is a peace man on principle, with a clear apprehension of what is really meant by the word, and a hearty acceptance of all that it logically implies. He not only opposes all war as contrary to Christianity, but the spirit from which all wars proceed. If he refuses to incite the slaves to bloody rebellion, it is because he could not conscientiously take the life of a fellow-creature to protect his own dearest rights. This address is so clear in the definition of principles, so weighty in argument, and so earnest in tone, that we wish it might be universally read. Extracts will be found on the fourth page.

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LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF THEODORE PARKER: A Discourse by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, delivered in Hope Street Chapel, Liverpool (England), on Sunday Evening, June 10, 1860.

This is a worthy tribute to Mr. Parker by one who knew him well, and, in spite of some theological differences, felt for him a brother's admiration and love. Mr. Channing portrays the noble qualities of mind and heart for which his friend was so justly eminent, but hesitates not to speak with equal frankness of what he deems erroneous in his views and course of action. We copy a single passage, regretting that we have not room for more:

"There was no man, probably, in the United States, occupying any position, in the halls of legislation, in the pulpit, in popular assemblies, or in the editorial chair, who did more to bring clearly before the conscience of the nation, that slavery is its one intolerable sin and curse, of which it must repent or die, than Theodore Parker. Look at the series of his printed sermons and speeches, on the guilt and shame of our republic, during ten years and more, from his first 'Letter to the People of the United States, touching the matter of Slavery,' in 1848, to his speech on 'The Present Aspect of Slavery in America,' in 1858; gather into one view the firm assertion of principles, the lucid expositions of law, the lessons of history, the philosophy of government, the array of statistics, the unanswerable demonstrations, the eloquent protests, the brilliant sketches of persons and incidents, the humor, the pathos crowded together in these masterly addresses, and how could any single man have done more to work out the regeneration of a people? He blended the fervor of a Hebrew prophet with the searching wit of the wise man of Athens, the strict conscience of a son of the Puritans with the shrewd common sense of Ben Franklin. And these printed sermons and speeches are but indications of what he was doing and saying every week to his people, and to the larger public whom he constantly reached through his lectures. Finally, by word and pen, by direct personal influence, and through the popular conscience which he was helping to mould, he brought a mighty power of rectitude, wisdom, forecast and trust to the support and uplifting of the statesmen of the republic. Bravely he fought this 'Great Battle.' Thank God, he did not die before the first shouts of victory sounded on his ear. From above he will look down upon the not distant triumph of universal emancipation!

"Thus, doing with might what his hand found to do, lived Theodore Parker, living the lives of many men in one, living too fast and dying too soon, leaving a void that all now mourn and none can fill. He was truly great; great by endowment, self-discipline and culture, by providential training and the wise use of opportunities, by high position bravely won, and by ever-widening influence. He was great in character and conduct, in genius and accomplishment. He was great in the ends he sought, in his principles and modes of action, and in the spirit of his life. His fame is great, even now, though he fell exhausted by excessive toil in mid career, ere half his work was done. And henceforth his name will shine amidst the great historic names of his nation. Due distance from our compeers enables us to measure their aims and achievements, so as in some degree to anticipate the judgment of futurity. And thus, looking from Old England towards New England, I clearly discern that Theodore Parker stands conspicuously eminent among the greatest of his generation in the United States."

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## THE TWENTY-SEVENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY. JANUARY, 1861.

WHEN the claim for Universal Liberty was first made in our country, the best part of a lifetime ago, the work lay wholly in futurity. The idea and the principles of Human Rights were to be replanted, the justice and necessity of their cause as against slavery to be proved, the prevailing apathy to be broken, the public mind to be awakened and enkindled, the insufficiency of a Church and State controlled by slavery to compass freedom to be demonstrated, the retrogression of the land towards barbarism under their sway to be made manifest, and freedom of speech, of the press, and of a new specific association to be claimed and exercised as the only sufficient instrumentalities of progress.

This is the initiatory work that has been done, and by it abundant opportunities of direct action have been rendered practicable. The WORK ITSELF, in a thousand shapes, now lies before us, whose privilege it has been to make ready for it. The despotism is driven into open day. To meet it, requires devotion, industry, and the sacred fire of a true enthusiasm. It requires energy, cooperation and the discipline of self-control. It requires generous contributions of money. We trust that all these indispensable requisites are now, as ever, ready.

We earnestly and cordially entreat all who love our native land in sincerity, whether Europeans or Americans, to unite with us more numerously and more generously than ever to meet the demands of a period of crises unparalleled in the history of our country—new, indeed, in the history of the world. For when before has it ever happened that Freedom has been sought from among a dominant people for a down-trodden one, on so grand a scale as this? We ask aid of Europeans, while we bid them observe that their freedom makes progress only in exact proportion as our slavery is brought into discredit. We ask aid of Americans; for where is the American to whom this cause of ours is not the supreme interest of the present hour as affording the only hope of Futurity? The work before us is ever that primary one contemplated by no other existing body, political or religious: the work that Church and Government are always tempted by the necessities of their position as such to neglect, adjourn, suppress. And the stronger the desire of their members to promote the cause, the stronger the temptation, being so placed, to temporise and to compromise.

To all these we confidently appeal for aid in the work they can neither do, nor do without.

We cordially invite all who love Liberty the world over, to meet us at the Music Hall, Boston, in the month of January next, in person or by letter, uniting their sympathies and contributions with ours in the great work of the time—the peaceful extinction of American slavery.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
SARAH P. ATKINSON,
ELIZA ANDREW,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
SARAH P. REMOND,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY E. STEARNS.

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HAYTI AND THE JOHN BROWN FUND.—The following letter from *L'Avenir*, a Cape Haytien newspaper, of Aug. 5th, is embraced in the latest advices from Hayti:

CAPE HAYTIEN, Aug. 2, 1860.

*Nelherwood Augustin Riché, Adjutant-General, Provisional Commander of the place and of the Commune of Grande Rivière du Nord, to Monsieur Delorme:*

SIR: Inclosed I have the pleasure to transmit to you advices published at Grande Rivière du Nord, bearing the date of the 7th of March last, concerning the subscriptions to the John Brown fund. At the end of these advices is added a list of the names of the subscribers who have paid the several amounts. The sum subscribed amounts to one hundred and eighty-four dollars, fifty centimes, in Hayti currency, and ten piasters more.

I am, very truly, yours. RICHE.

*The New York Times*, hastily assuming that this return embraces all the contributions made to the John Brown Fund by the people of Hayti, characterizes it as a "niggardly tribute," contrasting it reproachfully with "the tropical effervescence of profound sorrow" with which, at first, they affected to regard the fate of the hero of Harper's Ferry. If the editor had been less eager to find an occasion for ridiculing the negroes of Hayti, he might have discovered that Adj. Riché's letter purported to be only an account of the subscriptions in a single district, remote from the Capital. The astuteness of *The Times* should be rewarded by the gift of a pair of leather spectacles!

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DR. CHEEVER'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.—Rev. Edward Mathews, writing from England to *The American Baptist*, says:

"The visit of Dr. Cheever to England will, I believe, not only call forth sympathy and aid for his Church, but tend to furnish correct information to English Independents respecting the relation of their American co-religious brethren to slavery. At present, this is not possessed by one Independent minister in a hundred, owing to the fact that only one speech has been made in the Congregational Union which gave the truth of the case. That was made by Rev. Mr. Hemmings, in Manchester, but unhappily was never published. When the Rev. James Vincent visited England as the agent of the American Reform Tract and Book Society, he was greatly discouraged by Rev. George Smith and Dr. Campbell. When Dr. Pomroy was here, he was highly honored at the Congregational Union with the consent of the above ministers. Now there is a most happy change. Dr. Cheever, who represents the same antagonism to slavery that Mr. Vincent did, is greatly encouraged by Dr. Campbell and the Rev. George Smith. I hope this will be the beginning of a union between British Independents and their American anti-slavery brethren. As a means of bringing about so desirable a result, I have proposed in the papers that a committee should be appointed by the Congregational Union, to collect all the facts of the relations which American Independents sustain to slavery and anti-slavery, and that these should be classified and published in the Congregational Year-Book. Many would aid such devoted laborers as John G. Fee, but his name does not seem known in England, except among the Anti-Slavery Societies. His labors and sacrifices, and those of others, would thus become known in the Congregational body."

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THE REMAINS OF JOHN BROWN.—Henry C. Wright lately visited the grave and the surviving family of JOHN BROWN at North Elba. In a letter to *The Liberator* he proposes that, as the widow and children of the martyr will probably leave North Elba at no distant day, his body be exhumed and carried to Mount Auburn, where a suitable monument to his memory would be an object of interest to coming generations. Mrs. Brown and her children are willing that this should be done. The necessary funds for the removal and for the erection of the monument might easily be raised. Let it be done, say we, and with such ceremonies as may be deemed appropriate by the friends of freedom. The anniversary of the execution, Dec. 2d, would be a suitable time for the reburial of the martyr's remains, and for the delivery of an oration by WENDELL PHILLIPS, or some other champion of the cause for which his life was sacrificed.

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ANOTHER TURN OF THE SCREW.—John S. Phelps, member of Congress from Missouri, and, since the retirement of Mr. Giddings, "father of the House," stated recently in a public speech that a case was being prepared in Kansas, which would be brought before the United States Supreme Court, in order to procure a decision from that tribunal affirming the doctrine respecting slavery in the Territories which the South contends for. He said that such a decision would heal all the divisions in the Democratic party, uniting it firmly on the Southern platform. That such a case will be made up we have no doubt, and there can be no reason to hope for any other decision than that which Mr. Phelps foreshadows; unless Mr. Seward's proposition for a reorganization of the Court should prevail, of which there is at present but small prospect.

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## *PERSONAL.*

W. D. Howells, of Ohio, is said to be the author of the beautiful poem, "The Pilot's Story," which we copied last week from *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Theodore Tilton, by his public appeal for books for the prisoners at Sing Sing, has obtained 800 volumes, and money enough to buy 200 more. W. H. Aspinwall sent a contribution of $100 for the object.

Rev. Moncure D. Conway, of Cincinnati, preached in Milford, Mass., last Sunday, and will do so again to-morrow. On the two following Sundays, the 16th and 23d, he will preach in Music Hall, Boston, to the congregation of the late Theodore Parker.

Lady Byron, an interesting sketch of whose life appeared in our columns last week, made in her will several very liberal bequests to charitable objects, and among them one of £300 (about $1,500) to Charles Follen, of Boston, "to assist him in the difficulties he will have to contend with in his disinterested advocacy of the rights of the colored race."

Aaron M. Powell, in a letter dated at Ghent, Sept. 4th, says: "H. Ford Douglass addressed one of the most spirited, interested and encouraging meetings here, last evening, that we have ever held in this town. Mr. Douglass is one of the best and most effective speakers connected with the anti-slavery enterprise. He dealt very faithfully with all parties, and thoroughly and profitably aroused the people."

Mrs. Putnam, whose treatment on board the Europa mail packet, on her passage to England from America, in November, 1859, was the subject of a correspondence with Sir Samuel Cunard, has written to her English friends that she and her party, during the whole passage to the United States, on her return voyage by the Arabia, were admitted to all the rights and privileges of first class passengers, without opposition on the part of any one, even though shareholders were on board, or any failure in that courteous treatment which was their due. She also speaks of the polite and kind attention of some of her fellow-passengers. A London journal thereupon says: "It is possible, therefore, for the directors of the Cunard Company so to instruct the captains of their vessels as to insure to all persons the full enjoyment of their purchased accommodations, while under their care, and to preserve the official flag of her Majesty's mail packets from being dishonored by subserviency to the unrighteous prejudice of foreigners."

Rachel Barker Moore, of Philadelphia, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends (called Hicksite to distinguish it from the Orthodox), preached in the Unitarian Chapel (Rev. Dr. Beard's) in Manchester (Eng.), on the 9th of August, to a numerous assembly. Her husband, Dr. J. Wilson Moore, sat by her side, in front of the pulpit, and, previous to the sermon, in order to rebut an assertion, made by four Quakers in the Manchester papers that morning, that they were not Friends, read the certificate with which they had been furnished by their meeting at home. The London *Christian Inquirer* says: "The discourse, which was quite extempore, occupied about an hour and a half in delivery. Though perhaps a little discursive, it was evidently the fervid utterance of a soul speaking of Divine things from the depth of its own experience, and was characterized by an earnestness and spirituality which it was delightful to witness. It was freely and forcibly delivered: the language was plain and simple, rising in many parts to beautiful and impressive eloquence." Dr. Beard announced that Mrs. Moore would conduct a religious meeting on the next Sunday evening in the Unitarian Chapel, Swinton.

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AARON M. POWELL will attend a series of Anti-Slavery meetings, as Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in ULSTER and SULLIVAN Counties (N. Y.), from the 10th to the 25th of September. Our readers in those Counties, desirous of meetings in their respective localities, will address him at Ellenville (Ulster Co.), N. Y., care of M. DEPONAI, Esq., until Sept. 20th.

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## *OBITUARY.*

Died, at her residence, in Kennett, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on the 20th of Eighth Mo., RACHEL P. LAMBORN, wife of ROBERT LAMBORN, in the 60th year of her age.

The innate graces of a loving, unselfish nature were displayed, even through years of physical disability, by her untiring attention to the wants and enjoyments of all around her.

The appreciation of the great and good, the beautiful and the true, habitually finding expression in the exquisite poetry with which her memory was stored, will long be held in loving remembrance by those whose privilege it was to enjoy her society.

To the temperance and anti-slavery efforts of the day she early gave her deep sympathy and earnest support.

"The soft memory of her virtues yet
Linger like twilight dews when the bright sun is set."

We record also, with regret, the decease of MOSES PENNOCK, a well-known and highly esteemed citizen of Kennett, aged 74 years. He died on the 26th ult., leaving a wide family circle to mourn his departure. He was a generous man, to whom no suffering brother ever appealed in vain, and his venerable form, long familiar to many who knew his worth, will ever be remembered by them with affectionate interest.

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## PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

*Receipts into the Treasury of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society during the months of July and August.*

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| E. and R. Wetherell | $50 00 | Mary Newbold | $3 00 |
| Henry Laug | 25 00 | Aaron Kirk | 2 00 |
| Newlin Peirce | 5 00 | Seth Ely | 1 00 |
| A. Agnew and Sister | 7 00 | Thomas Kenderdine | 2 00 |
| C. H. Shephard | 3 00 | B. B. Herr | 5 00 |
| K. Hayhurst | 4 00 | J. H. Cavender | 10 00 |
| Jonathan Pickering | 2 50 | Daniel Neall | 20 00 |
| "L." | 12 50 | J. H. Newlnil | 3 00 |
| Carlisle Smith | 5 00 | Wm. Haslam | 10 00 |
| E. B. French | 3 00 | Peter Frick | 3 00 |
| Mrs. E. Randolph | 10 00 | Charles Hambleton | 5 00 |
| H. B. Edwards | 5 00 | Reuben Winslow | 10 00 |
| Alfred Love | 2 50 | P. Randolph | 10 00 |
| Sarah Clendenin | 2 00 | Isaac Ivins | 3 00 |
| John Harkinson | 5 00 | Edward Haines | 3 00 |
| Abby Goodwin | 10 00 | James Fulton | 5 00 |
| J. Bond | 1 00 | Micah Whitson | 5 00 |
| J. Bassett | 1 00 | W. L. Rakestraw | 2 50 |
| B. Bassett | 1 00 | T. Whitson | 1 00 |
| S. Woodnutt | 1 00 | J. Bushong | 1 00 |
| E. Thompson | 1 00 | S. Larville | 50 |
| Wm. Maylin | 5 00 | Mark Brook | 5 00 |
| B. Lloyd | 3 00 | Jonathan Paxson | 2 00 |
| Jonas Ely | 1 00 | Mrs. Morrison | 5 00 |
| Jos. Lewis | 1 00 | Mrs. Magill | 5 00 |
| Emma Newbold | 5 00 | SARAH PUGH, Treasurer. | |

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# Special Notices.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING!!—The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society will be held at SALEM, Columbiana County, Ohio, commencing on Saturday, the 22d of September, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

The need for a full attendance of the true and tried at our annual gathering was never greater than now. In this, the year of quadrennial stultification and compromise, there comes a trumpet-call to every one who knows the Right, and, knowing, dares maintain it, to stand firm upon the rock of principle. Let Abolitionists manifest at least as much devotion to the cause of Humanity as politicians do to party. Is it unreasonable to ask of them to spend as much time, and pour forth as abundantly of

# Miscellaneous Department.

## THE SWORD OF CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCANI.

"Questa è per me."—VICTOR EMANUEL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

When Victor Emanuel, the King,
Went down to his Lucca that day,
The people, each vaunting the thing
As he gave it, gave all things away
In a burst of fierce gratitude, say,
As they tore out their hearts for the King.

II.

Gave the green forest-walk on the wall,
With the Appenine blue through the trees;
Gave palaces, churches, and all
The great pictures which burn out of these;
But the eyes of the King seemed to freeze
As he gazed upon ceiling and wall.

III.

"Good," said the King as he past.
Was he cold to the arts? or else coy
To possession? or crossed at the last,
Whispered some, by the vote in Savoy?
Shout!—love him enough for his joy!
"Good," said the King as he past.

IV.

He, travelling the whole day through flowers
And protesting amenities, found,
At Pistoia, betwixt the two showers
Of red roses, "the Orphans" (renowned
As the heirs of Puccini) who wound
With a sword through the crowd and the flowers.

V.

"'Tis the sword of Castruccio, O King!
In old strife of intestinal hate
Very famous. Accept what we bring,
We, who cannot be sons by our fate,
Rendered citizens by thee of late
And endowed with a country and King.

VI.

"Read—Puccini has willed that this sword
(Which once made in an ignorant feud
Many orphans) remain in our ward
Till some patriot its pure civic blood
Wipe away in the foe's and make good,
In delivering the land by the sword."

VII.

Then the King exclaimed, "This is for *me!*"
And he dashed out his sword on the hilt,
While his blue eye shot fire openly
And his heart overboiled till it spilt
A hot prayer—"God, the rest as thou wilt!
But grant me this!—this is for *me!*".

VIII.

O Victor Emanuel, the King,
The sword be for *thee*, and the deed,
And nought for the alien, next spring,
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed;
But, for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us, . . our King!

—*Independent.*

## THE MYSTERIOUS PRISONER.

BY EDMOND TEXIER.

Translated for THE STANDARD from The Paris Siècle.

FOR the last fifteen days there has been much said at Naples concerning a mysterious personage who has been found in one of the royal prisons. The English journals have made some mention of this unknown one. A writer of talent, Mr. Mark Monnier, sends me some details in relation to the man who excites so lively a curiosity, which will not be read without interest.

The political prisons have just been opened in Naples. For the first time for fifteen years, there has entered, all at once, a flood of light into these cells, unaccustomed to the sun, which Mr. Gladstone had lighted for an instant by his generous and attentive regard. All the world has been able to-day to search these impenetrable retreats. They have recounted their mysteries, and revealed histories which will shake the world. The prisons of 1860 were the same as those of 1781, in which Howard had seen 340 sick persons heaped up to breathe in the bottom of a court which resembled the bottom of a well. The walls and the buildings were so high, wrote Howard, that one would have said they were constructed to intercept the air. There were infected and obscure chambers, in which the prisoners lived naked to support the heat! There are few or no ameliorations since the last century. In 1834, a superintendent named Sancio, in an official report, confessed that the prisoners of Procida, isolated from the world and deprived of everything, perished, for the most part, by consumption and phthisic. In short, the *segrete* or *criminali* horrible cells, sepulchres of the living, built by Ferdinand II. at his succession to the throne, existed until within a few days. An ordinance of the 9th July, 1860, shut them forever.

In these cells, hunger, cold, the most odious treatment, even torture, sacrificed not only the condemned, not only the accused, but the simply suspected, those whom the vaguest denunciations had delivered to the police. They questioned them, not only to wring confessions from them, but even to know whether they had any confessions to make. They caused them to confess, by means of tortures, in order to lighten a simple doubt; and these facts do not date five centuries back, but from the last month. They were already known, but people were silent in regard to them, from want of proof. To-day they are confirmed by horrible evidence, to which exception can no longer be taken—the mutilated bodies of the victims.

All the men of feeling in Naples have wished to see at least one of these unfortunate liberated men, and the doubters, like Thomas, have been able to convince themselves of the terrible truth, by putting their hands into the scarce closed wounds of the sufferers. For my part, I have seen several; among others, two whose only crime was that of having been born in the village Agesilas, Milano. There was neither evidence nor proof against them; they were Calabrians—that was all. And because they were Calabrians, they had been held four years in prison, without judgment, without process, without pity, without justice.

I have seen them, these heroic children of great Greece. One of them, enfeebled by suffering, totters painfully upon limbs which can scarcely sustain him. They are grave, simple, quiet, full of modesty and dignity. Happy to have suffered, they do not desire pity; they do not demand their place in the martyrs' catalogue of Italy. They return to the fight, in their province, where new dangers await them, carrying back with them, of their four years of trials, only the contempt of tortures and the love of country.

I longed, in meeting them, to embrace these courageous men, who have obtained the greatest success of sympathy and admiration. But the success of curiosity and astonishment is reserved for one of the most singular personages of these judicial dramas, so frequent in Italy.

This mysterious prisoner was discovered almost by accident. A lawyer, one of the first freed from the prison of San Francesco, reported that there was in one of the cells of that place an unknown man, thrown there four years before, and who had been delivered to the police of Naples by the police of Rome. They were ignorant of his crime, ignorant even of his name. He was called *the American*, and he was there alone, forgotten, knowing no one.

Immediately, several kind-hearted Neapolitans, Dr. Luigi Arenare among others, repaired to San Francesco. They found, indeed, in a chamber to which he had been transferred since the amnesty, a strange man, clothed in a flannel waistcoat and coarse pantaloons, reduced to extreme meagreness, rambling, beside himself, almost frightful to behold. His troubled eyes scarcely looked upon anything; his weakened limbs would not support him; his long, brown hair fell to the middle of his back; he was no longer a man; he had a jerking, convulsive gesture. They asked him his name; he would not tell it. Extreme efforts were necessary to induce him to come out of prison.

They sought for his commitment upon the registers of the police and of the minister's office; but they found none. They consulted the jailers, who knew nothing. "He is the American," said the guards of the prison, and they were ignorant of the rest. After extensive research, they found, somewhere, a letter of a police subaltern to his chief, which contained the following: "We have still the American in custody." That was all. They found also the reply of the chief, who wrote, "That is well."

Never has anything more been known about this anonymous personage. Since then, notwithstanding the kind reception he has everywhere met, he has not yet told his tale nor the secret of his life. I have seen him myself several times, and I think an one of those who have obtained the most of his confidence. He has written me a few fragments of his history, and has permitted me to offer them to you.

He thinks he was born in Alexandria, in Egypt; at least it is of that place that he has the oldest remembrance. He was brought up by a certain Francesco Romano and an English woman named Fanny, who loved him tenderly and treated him as their son. And he believed himself to be so, till his fourteenth year; then only he learned from them that he was not. He begged them to reveal to him the secret of his birth; they told him that time would declare all. He prayed, entreated, almost in despair. Then he fled in secret, upon a vessel commanded by a certain Comblit, which came from Smyrna.

Since then, he has made the tour of the world. He spoke to me of Paris, of Geneva, of Russia, of all Italy: he has lived everywhere, and the longest time in America. Here I did not wish to press my questions too much, for he did not like to reply to them. I think I understood that he fought in Lombardy in the first war, but he must then have been very young, for, in spite of his countenance furrowed by suffering, he does not appear to be more than thirty.

One day, at last (about seven years ago), he left Boston, without a passport, upon a Genoese vessel, on which he was received as one of the crew. He left it at Genoa and went by land to Rome, passing through the cities, where he stopped, said he to me, to see the monuments and the people. This curiosity cost him dearly.

Arrived at a place named Ferra-Rossa, about ten miles from Viterba, he put on the costume of a goat-herd. I asked him why, and he replied, "To study scenes of rustic life." One day, two miles from Ferra-Rossa, he was arrested by the *gendarmes* of the Pope, and conducted to Viterba, where they kept him secretly till midnight, then dragged him to the barracks of the carabineers, where he underwent an examination. They stripped off his clothing and searched him from head to foot, naked as he was, with a lantern.

The interrogatories were a succession of vociferations and menaces. To the first questions the prisoner replied, that he was called Francesco Prociette, and that he took care of goats in the lower Maremnies. But, irritated by the violence of the soldiers, he finished by saying, "My name is Francis Casannovah, I come from America, and am going to Rome to obtain a passport from my Consul."

This revelation exasperated the sbirri. "Confess," cried they, "that you carry upon your person letters from Mazzini!" What could he confess to men who had searched him so thoroughly? He remained silent. They put him back into prison, and he remained there three months.

Then came an order from the Holy Council, which called the prisoner to Rome, recommending that he be kept chained with extreme rigor. He departed from Viterba, or rather from Monta-Rossa, the first public storehouse, in the midst of a drenching rain and furious wind. The carabineers, who escorted him on horseback, kept on their way in spite of the storm. Drenched to the skin, he begged in mercy that they would let him rest an instant at an inn. For reply, a carabineer attached securely to his saddle-bow the chains of the sufferer! "Since you cannot walk, our horses will drag you," said the Pope's soldiers. And the horses, excited by the spur, *did* drag him. The prisoner fell at every jerk, panting, exhausted, bruised, worn and covered with blood. In this manner he reached Rome. He was thrown into the prison of the Baths of Diocletian. The day following, he underwent a new investigation.

The place where he was shut up was called the *secretino degli experimenti*, which may be translated thus—the closet of experiments. There are places where everything has a sinister irony about it, even to the names.

He remained there forty-five days. He was then transferred to the new prisons of Rome, and put into a cell—and alone! I translate this literally from his autobiography. Twenty days after, there was a third examination by a Judge of the Sacred Council, one of those inquisitors who torture the conscience and wring out confessions through fear. He was interrogated thus twice a week, upon mysteries of which he knew nothing, and always by priests. After which, questioned anew by a second Judge of the Council, he was thrown into a new closet of experiments, and, the most frightful of all, the chamber of San-Primario, a *bolgia* of hell. This is a place of punishment where the condemned never live more than ten days. Our prisoner passed three months there, having for a bed only a sack of rotten straw, and not sleeping upon it on account of the vermin which devoured him. He had thought not to live more than eight days there, and with this idea, did not take off either his clothes or even his shoes, not wishing to be found naked, if found dead. Not a sunbeam, not even the light of a poor lantern fell into these shades. Add to this (we will tell all), a pestilential odor, for all the pipes of the necessaries passed around the walls of the cell. Every forty-eight hours, they brought him bread and water; but they did not always think of it. Once they even refused the forgotten food, when he demanded it, and they would have left him to die of starvation had he not threatened to break his skull.

At the end of three months they took him to a habitable chamber—that of Vicario—where he was better treated—above all, better fed; then into that of the priests, still better; and, at last, to the Infirmary, where his worn-out condition kept him on his bed two months. He was scarcely convalescent, when they said to him, "We are going to send you back to your country, but as you cannot embark here, we send you to Naples." He departed. The journey was a rough one. They had inclosed his wrists in manacles, so tight that they cut into the flesh, and the blood streamed from the wounds. At Valmontane his strength gave way; he fell, worn out, in this little place, upon a hospitable bed. Reduced to a skeleton, he was carried to Segui. There, generous aid, assiduous care, and the benefit of excellent air, brought him back to life, or rather to misery. At Naples he was brought to the prefecture, before this too famous Maddaloni, who has just been deposed, and a crowd of *faquins* and *sbirri*, who loaded the sick prisoner with insults and obscene raillery.

From the prison of the prefecture he passed to that of San-Francesco, because he was suffering; then, scarcely recovered, to a dungeon of Castel-Capuano, strictly guarded and alone. He fell ill again, and was brought back to San-Francesco, to the most remote part of this criminal prison, always in secret, always in solitary confinement.

After about six months he appeared before the Minister Bianchini, and said to him, "I am without relatives or home; that is all my crime. Is it a crime? Am I suspected? They are deceived. I came from Rome here to embark; your prisons have seized and kept me; is it loyal and just? Let me be sent back to my country." Bianchini responded, "Very well," and the prisoner was remanded to secret confinement in his cell at San-Francesco.

It is uesless to return to the mysteries of these prisons. I have already told everything, in speaking of the dungeons of Rome. The chief jailor maltreated all those detained there; but, above all, those politically suspected—proud to have in his power men of wealth, who would have despised him had they been free. He revenged himself upon them for his ignorance and abjection.

Thus it is that our prisoner, fraudulently delivered to the late King Ferdinand by Cardinal Antonelli, without commitment or judgment, without recognized crimes or declared suspicions, but secretly, in the most impenetrable mystery, and according to the gloomy proceedings of hidden justice, has just passed two years at Rome, and four at Naples, in the depths of horrible dungeons, where he has suffered unknown, uncared for, forgotten, and, as he says, alone.

He asked them one day to change his prison. The reply was, "The government has the right to keep you where it pleases." He did not wish to write to men in authority. "I would rather have my hand cut off," he exclaimed, angrily. He ended by falling into that state of despair which, in Christian tongues, is called resignation. He desired death, and awaited it.

Imagine, then, his surprise, his distrust and his incredulity, when he was told, a few days ago, that he was free. Taken from his cell, he was suddenly transferred to the palace of San Serno, one of the most beautiful of the city, and to the family of the lawyer Pasquale Arenare, one of the best of the land. He was welcomed there as a child of the house, with a cordial and smiling hospitality, with full hands and open arms. Since then he lives in a dream.

It was there that I saw him, still pale, emaciated, suffering, with his long, uncut hair, and eyes so weakened as not to be able to endure the sunlight. He is lively and gay by snatches; he speaks a pretty pure Italian, mingled with Tuscan and Roman. He has composed, upon his deliverance, a singular *lied*, in which a multitude of images and impressions crowd into a few verses. It is pathetic, affecting, and occasionally very extended, when he describes the countries and scenes he has encountered in his voyages. But upon certain more mysterious points he remains silent. At certain questions he becomes wild, as if he were being placed before a judge. A last item, and I am done: a shudder of horror or fright seizes him whenever he sees a priest.

And now I leave the field open to conjecture. In Naples there have already been formidable ones risked. Remember the old story of the Iron Mask.

Such is this lamentable history.

## THE HERO OF HARPER'S FERRY.

AN event transpired in our own country last year which gave us a most impressive illustration of the truth, that physical might is not always with the right; that success does not always crown the efforts of the injured party to obtain their rights, or redress their wrongs by violent measures. I refer, of course, to the memorable affair at Harper's Ferry.

If fighting were the method appointed or approved of by the heavenly Father, there could be no conflict in which we should so confidently look for victory, as in one dared for the delivery of millions, who in our country are suffering the most abject slavery that is to be seen anywhere upon the face of the earth. And it were easy enough for Him, who hath all power in his hand, to vindicate the cause of the weakest against the mightiest. This is the faith, we are told, the very sentiment, that roused and sustained the patriots of the Revolution in their unequal contest with Great Britain.

Long contemplation of the wrongs and woes of the millions in our land, subjected to a bondage, one hour of which, as Mr. Jefferson said, is harder to endure than whole ages of that against which our fathers rebelled—long contemplation of the wrongs of the enslaved, at length roused to his daring attempt the hero and the martyr of Harper's Ferry. He knew that his cause was just. He meant to use no violence, if it could be avoided; to spare none, that should be found necessary. He was led to believe that the bondmen would rush to his standard, in such numbers as would overawe their oppressors, and ensure them a bloodless deliverance from their grasp. He believed that, if compelled to *fight* in defence of his undertaking, men enough would come to his assistance, that would easily overbear all who might attempt to withstand him. Moreover, he felt solemnly assured that, if there were any truth in the leading doctrine of our American Revolution, any reason in the resort of our Fathers to the trial by battle, he would be wholly justified in his attempt, even though it should involve our country in the horrors of another civil war.

I frankly declare, I am unable to see the incorrectness of the reasoning, or the immorality of the course of John Brown, if the doctrines and spirit inculcated by our Fathers of 1776, and the example set by them, were wise and Christian. The probability of their success was not much, if any, greater than his. The justice of their cause was far less.

Yet the hero of Harper's Ferry failed. He was taught in that hour that the God of the oppressed is not the God of battle; that the doctrine and spirit of Moses and David are not sanctioned by Christ and his apostles; that there is another and a better way of overcoming any evil than by killing or harming the evil doers.

Nothing daunted by his failure, with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, he humbly accepted the high lesson, which Providence gave him, and rose from the prostration of a fallen hero, to an almost unexampled sublimity as the *martyr of impartial liberty*. Words were spoken by John Brown at the tribunal where he was condemned to death, words were written by him from his prison house, that can never be forgotten. A spirit went forth from his bosom on the gallows, that has quickened the heart of humanity in the cause of our enslaved countrymen, as it was never moved before. His death is working, and will work in their behalf, a far mightier, happier, holier result, than would have been accomplished, if he had slain hundreds of slaveholders, and given deliverance to thousands of their bondmen. *The martyrs, not the fighters, have been and will be the seed of the Church, the saviors of mankind.—Samuel J. May's Address before the American Peace Society.*

## LORD, WHITHER GOEST THOU?*

THERE stands in the old Appian way,
Two miles without the Roman wall,
A little ancient church, and grey:
Long may it moulder not, nor fall!
There hangs a legend on the name
One reverential thought may claim.

'Tis written of that fiery time,
When all the angered evil powers
Leagued against Christ for wrath and crime.
How Peter left the accursed towers,
Passing from out the guilty street,
And shook the red dust from his feet.

Sole pilgrim else in that lone road,
Suddenly he was 'ware of one
Who toiled beneath a weary load,
Bareheaded in the beating sun,
Pale with long watches, and forespent
With harm and evil accident.

Under a cross His weak limbs bow.
Scarcely His sinking strength avails.
A crown of thorns is on His brow,
And in His hands the print of nails.
So friendless and alone in shame,
One like the Man of Sorrows came.

Read in her eyes who gave thee birth,
That loving, tender, sad rebuke;
Then learn no mother on this earth,
How dear soever, shaped a look
So sweet, so sad, so pure as now
Came from beneath that holy brow.

And deadly Peter's heart it pierced,
Once had he seen that look before;
And even now, as at the first,
It touched, it smote him to the core.
Bowing his head, no word save three
He spoke—"Quo vadis, Domine?"

Then as he looked up from the ground,
His Savior made him answer due—
"My son, to Rome I go thorn-crowned,
There to be crucified anew;
Since he to whom I gave my sheep
Leaves them for other men to keep."

Then the saint's eyes grew dim with tears.
He knelt his Master's feet to kiss—
"I vexed my heart with faithless fears,
Pardon thy servant, Lord, for this."
Then rising up—but none was there—
No voice, no sound, in earth or air.

Straightway his footsteps he retraced,
As one who hath a work to do.
Back through the gates he passed with haste.
Silent, alone, and full in view;
And lay forsaken, save of One,
In dungeon deep ere set of sun.

Then he, who once, apart from ill,
Nor taught the depth of human tears,
Girded himself and walked at will,
As one rejoicing in the years,
Girded of others, scorned and slain,
Passed heavenward through the gates of pain.

If any bear a heart within,
Well may these walls be more than stone.
And breathe of peace and pardoned sin
To him who grieveth all alone.
Return, faint heart and strive thy strife;
Fight, conquer, grasp the crown of life.

—*Blackwood.* P. S. WORSLEY.

* See Mrs. JAMESON'S *Sacred and Legendary Art*, p. 180.

## THE MARTYR OF TOULOUSE.

A CENTURY ago, Toulouse counted among its citizens an honest, industrious draper, who for forty years had carried on a respectable business in the Grande Rue des Filetiers. Jean Calas was the head of a happy household, consisting of himself, his wife—who was eighteen years his junior—four sons, and two daughters. He was a Calvinist, but, notwithstanding that age of religious fanaticism, his Protestantism was so little tinged with bigotry, that for three-and-twenty years he had reckoned among his family, as an attached and devoted servant, Jeanne Viguier, whose zealous Catholicism had made a convert of his third son. Respected by his co-religionists, and beloved by his friends, Calas pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, little dreaming, at the ripe age of sixty-four, to become the hero of as sad a tragedy as ever stained the too tragic page of his country's history.

In 1761, Marc-Antoine, the eldest of the sons, having taken his degree at the university, returned home to seek admission at the bar. At that time, it was necessary for candidates for the legal profession to obtain a certificate of Catholicism, usually signed as a matter of form. To the surprise and chagrin of young Calas, the curé of the parish refused to endorse the certificate. Baffled in his desire to escape from an occupation he detested, Marc-Antoine became low-spirited, melancholy and morose. He withdrew from his associates, and kept apart as much as possible from the family circle, solacing his solitary hours with Plutarch and Montaigne, upon whose pallications of suicide he was often heard to approvingly comment.

On the 13th of October in the above year, a M. La Vaisse, arriving suddenly from Bordeaux, found that his father and mother had gone into the country. Unable to obtain a conveyance to follow them, he called upon Jean Calas, who invited him to stay supper. The meal passed off very pleasantly. As soon as it was over, Marc-Antoine went into the kitchen; surprised at his leaving the rest, the servant asked him if he was cold; he replied, "No, I am burning hot." The others shortly after retired to another room, where they spent the evening in friendly conversation, during which Pierre Calas fell asleep, for which breach of politeness he was laughingly upbraided when roused upon the departure of the guest. He rose to accompany the latter down stairs. When they reached the bottom, La Vaisse remarked that the door between the passage and the shop was open. Suspecting some intruder might be hiding there, Pierre stepped in, and saw the body of a man suspended by the neck against the door between the shop and the room behind it. To his horror, he recognized the corpse of his brother. The unhappy suicide had placed a long piece of wood across the folding-door, and hung himself by a cord with a running knot. Hearing Pierre's cries for help, his father ran down stairs, took down the body, placed it on the floor, unfastened the rope, and despatched Pierre and La Vaisse to the nearest surgeon. Unable to find him, they returned with his assistant, but it was too late; the work of the suicide had been done too effectually. Distracted as he was, the first thought of Jean Calas was to save his son's memory being stigmatized and the family disgraced, and he enjoined that the fact that Marc-Antoine having died by his own hand should be kept secret. Madam Calas, alarmed by the noise, after a time ventured down stairs to ascertain the cause, but was stopped by La Vaisse, who persuaded her to return; she then sent Jeanne to find out the meaning of the cries, whisperings and movements that reached her ears. The servant not coming back, she ran down stairs again, and beheld her son stretched upon the ground. Thinking he had fainted, she fetched a bottle of *Reine de Hongrie*, and tried to revive him, refusing to believe the assurances of the surgeon that her efforts were thrown away—that it was indeed the dead body of her eldest born she held in her arms.

While this sad scene was being enacted within the house, a crowd had gathered outside, staring at the closed door and darkened windows, as if to read therein a confirmation of the wild speculations hazarded among them. At last, some good Catholic, remembering the draper was a heretic, suggested that Marc-Antoine had been murdered by his father, to prevent him adopting the true faith. In a moment, the baseless supposition of a brainless bigot became the conviction of a mob. The terrible tale flew through the streets of Toulouse that October night with fatal speed, and roused up David de Beaudrigue from his slumbers. This over-zealous, over-officious, passionate, unscrupulous magistrate soon arrived with his police at the house of Calas. Pierre, who had remained in the shop with his dead brother, was immediately arrested. Without executing any of the proper legal formalities, without making any examination of the premises, Beaudrigue ordered the corpse to be carried to the Hotel de Ville, and arrested Calas, his wife and children, La Vaisse, Jeanne Viguier, and also a friend who had hurried to the place on hearing the news. In vain did a colleague attempt to restrain the magistrate's impetuosity; the latter replied, "I take all the responsibility upon myself; it is the cause of religion." Pierre Calas, who, like the rest, supposed they were merely going to depose to the facts of the suicide, was about to leave a candle burning against their return, when David told him he need not take the trouble, as they would not be at home so soon as all that.

The inquiry before the Consistorial Court was consistent throughout. The prisoners, kept in close confinement, were debarred all communication with their friends. There was no public trial; they were examined separately and secretly; and only allowed to answer such questions as the judges chose to propose. Louis Calas, the sole Catholic member of the family, and the two daughters, alone employed an advocate, who vainly attempted to stay the proceedings. His advocacy cost him dear; he was obliged to publicly apologize for having taken up the case, and was suspended from his functions for three months. After this, no lawyer would assist them, and even the officers of the court refused to present the memorials drawn up in their behalf. Some thirty witnesses were examined without any criminatory results, but Beaudrigue was not to be baffled. Recourse was had to the issuing of a monitory—a statement of presumed facts upon which testimony was required—read from the various pulpits by the curés, threatening with excommunication any persons having knowledge of the circumstances by *hearsay* or otherwise, unless they disclosed what they knew either to the magistrates or the priest of their parish; and, with daring defiance of justice and the law, the monitory was so worded as to call forth only witnesses for the prosecution. Voluntary testimony not being receivable by the court, the accused were thus deprived of all chance of proving their innocence.

By these means a mass of suspicions, hearsays, and reports were accumulated, of a similar nature to the following: "One Lagreye, a tailor, deposes that he was informed by one Bonnemaison, that he had been told that a workman of Caraman had said that there was nothing extraordinary in the matter, for five or six people had been served in the same way at Caraman." In the same fashion it was proved that on the morning of the 13th of October, the murder of Marc-Antoine Calas had been resolved upon at an assembly of Protestants. This was enough to satisfy the Court that the Calvinists considered assassination a virtue when employed to prevent conversion, and to warrant the deduction that Jean Calas, aided by his wife, his son Pierre, La Vaisse, and Jeanne Viguier, had strangled his eldest son. The including of the maid-servant in the charge was rather awkward, as she was too well known as a zealous Catholic, who had won over one of the family from heresy, to render it likely she would join in such a deed; still, to release her was out of the question, because she would have proved that she had never quitted the father or mother from the commencement of supper to the discovery of the body.

Even this was not thought sufficient to insure the destruction of these victims of fanaticism. It was necessary further to excite the feelings of the faithful. To this end, a public funeral was decreed to the suicide, who was accordingly carried to his grave with all the pomp and ceremonial of the Catholic ritual, and attended by the society of "White Penitents," who pretended that the martyred Marc-Antoine had purposed joining their community.

On the 18th of November, Jean Calas, his wife, and Pierre were sentenced to the rack, and La Vaisse and Jeanne Viguier to be presented—that is, merely attached to the instrument of torture and interrogated. They appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, the second supreme court of justice in France. Before their new judges, they were assisted by the experience, judgment and eloquence of M. Sudre, but without avail. The court was resolved to find the prisoners guilty, and the advocate's courageous appeals only resulted in ruining himself. Seven out of thirteen judges voted for death; but the law requiring a majority of the fifteen who formed the court, the senior judge, out of deference to the wishes of his colleagues, transferred his vote, and on the 9th of March, 1762, Jean Calas was condemned: firstly, to the question ordinary and extraordinary, in order to make him admit his guilt; secondly, to be drawn in his shirt from the prison to the cathedral, at the grand entrance of which he was to go down on his knees, and, holding a wax-candle weighing two pounds in his hand, ask pardon of God, his majesty, and the laws; thirdly, to be taken to the Place St. Georges, stretched upon a wheel, and have his arms, legs, thighs and ribs broken by the executioner; lastly, to be laid upon his back, with his face towards heaven, "to live as long as it shall please God to give him life, in pain and repentance for his crimes and misdemeanors, and to serve as an example of terror to other evil-doers."

The atrocious sentence was carried out the next day, in all its horrid details. Calas bore all heroically. The torture of the rack elicited only an asseveration of innocence. A single cry of anguish escaped his lips as the executioner gave the first blow of the eleven; he endured the remainder, each of which broke a bone, in silence. Stretched out at length, mangled and broken, this old man of sixty-four lingered for two hours in agony, when Beaudrigue, who had been watching the sufferings of his victim, bent over him and exclaimed, "Wretch, you have but one moment to live; confess the truth!" Too weak to speak, Calas dumbly declared his innocence, and the executioner released him from his misery. His endurance bore good fruit; it saved his family from a like fate. The procureur-général demanded the execution of Pierre, Madame Calas and La Vaisse, and perpetual imprisonment for Jeanne Viguier; but the *capitouls*, either satisfied with the blood of Jean Calas, or having some latent doubts as to his guilt, contented themselves with banishing Pierre Calas from France, and acquitted the others. Madame Calas, with her daughters and her faithful servant, retired into the country, seeking in the consolations of religion and time a lightening of the burden of affliction.

A Marseille merchant had been a horrified and indignant witness of the execution of Calas; he firmly believed in his innocence, and, passing through Geneva on his way home, acquainted Voltaire with the details and his convictions. That inveterate foe of ecclesiastical tyranny resolved to probe the affair to the bottom. Whichever story was true, told equally against religious bigotry, and would so far repay his labor. He set about his self-imposed task with characteristic vigor, bringing all the resources at his command to bear upon it. Assuming at one time the innocence, at another, the guilt of Calas, he corresponded with Catholics and Protestants. He took Donat Calas, the youngest of the sons, who had taken refuge in Geneva, into his house, and thus obtained a knowledge of the habits and dispositions of the various members of the family. Pierre, after escaping from a monastery, into which he had been entrapped, also fled to that city. Voltaire placed him under a species of espionage. The result of his observations was, a thorough conviction of the falsity of the charge upon which Jean Calas had been executed, and a determination not to rest till the infamous sentence of the parliament of Toulouse was revoked.

The first step was to draw Madame Calas from her retirement, without the Catholics knowing anything about it. She reached Paris alone, and was there joined by La Vaisse, under an assumed name. In the capital, she soon was surrounded by friends willing to help her, while Voltaire at a distance directed and guided all. Knowing he would have the whole power of the Church to contend with, he was careful not to rouse it too soon. "Consider," says he, in one of his letters, "that there are plenty of folks quite ready to say, 'What signifies it if a Calvinist has been beaten to death? the state counts one enemy the less!' Depend upon it, many a good, simple ecclesiastic thinks in this way. We must stop their mouths by a mild exposition of the reasonable side of Protestantism, that will still give Catholic proselytizers hope of successfully practising their calling." The open opposition of enemies, the lukewarmness of friends, the dilatoriness of officials, and the unsuspected adverse influence of a powerful minister, had all to succumb before the perseverance of the poet. Four months after the execution of Calas, the first step towards reparation was made by an order from the Conseil d'Etat for a review of the whole case. It became the topic of the day; all classes sympathized with the poor widow; the chancellor assured her that her business engaged all their thoughts, and nobles offered consolation to the draper's relict. The inquiry dragged its slow length along for another year, when the decree of the Toulouse parliament was quashed, and a new trial ordered, to the intense indignation of the legal functionaries of that place. They regretted that they had spared any of the heretics, and consoled themselves by charging exorbitantly for every document required, and by availing themselves of the archbishop's gracious permission to hear mass at their own houses on Sunday.

The new trial took place before the *Maîtres des Requêtes de l' Hotel au Souverain*, consisting of forty judges. The whole of the evidence was gone through again, witnesses were examined in behalf of the accused; and after six long sittings, the former sentence was annulled, and Jean Calas, on the third anniversary of his execution, proclaimed to have died an innocent man. Madame Calas received a compensation from the public funds, and subscription lists were opened throughout Europe. These funds, however, were exhausted, and yet legal creditors remained unsatisfied, spite of the efforts of Voltaire and his friends; and it was left to the National Convention, in 1792, to relieve the family from the incumbrance, and make all possible amends for the sufferings they had so undeservingly undergone.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that the author of all this misery did not escape retribution. In 1765, David de Beaudrigue was dismissed from his office, and became the object of public detestation. His mind gave way; by night and day he was haunted by visionary gibbets, wheels, racks, and dying men. In a paroxysm, he threw himself out of a window, but escaped death, and was placed under strict surveillance. He one day succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his keepers, sprang out of the window a second time, and died with the name of Calas on his lips.—*Chambers's Journal.*

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

NOTHING, in our country, hinders the general reception of the truth on the subject of peace so much as the success and assumed benefits of our Revolutionary War. My hearers, the true history of that conflict has not yet been written. Few, I suspect, have duly contemplated it, in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. The man who, of all that I know, seems to me to have looked at it from a Christian point of sight more intensely, to have searched into it, with the eye of a disciple of Jesus, more diligently than any other—the late Rev. Sylvester Judd—passed away before he had reported all that he discovered of the unchristian traits and disastrous effects of that war. But let me put it to yourselves; do you suppose the thousands who lost their lives, or the lives of their fathers, husbands, sons in that war; the thousands more, who were doomed by it to drag out the remnant of their days in decrepitude, sickness, poverty; and the tens of thousands who sacrificed their innocence and purity of heart, who were corrupted, depraved, who became profane, licentious; do you suppose, if all those thousands could testify, that they would pronounce our Revolutionary War a blessing? I tell you nay. To the vast majority of that generation, which fought the battles, endured the hardships, incurred the losses, moral and pecuniary, incident to that conflict, we cannot doubt that it was a calamity, which they never ceased to deplore.

It remains yet to be proved, whether that war has been, or is to be, on the whole, a blessing to after generations. It is true, the people of our country may have accumulated wealth much faster than they might have done if the Revolution had not taken place. But the amount of our riches is no index to our true welfare.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates and men decay."

And has not the manhood of our countrymen fearfully decayed? So it appears. Are the noble sentiments of the patriots of '76, is their generous spirit, their respect for the rights of man, their love of impartial liberty, still prevalent throughout the land? Everybody must say no! The light that was radiated upon this nation at its birth, seems to be obscured. The men of our day (too many of them) seem to be more earnest for their parties, and even for their peace, than for their principles. And the glorious gospel Declaration, with which our fathers heralded their conflict for independence, has been impiously pronounced by some, and is practically regarded by most of our countrymen now, as "a mere rhetorical flourish." This would not have been the result, if the revolutionists had contended for their rights in a Christian way.

I know we are accustomed to boast mightily, that our fathers first unfurled that standard, upon whose folds are inscribed the "natural, equal, inalienable rights of man." And yet (oh! mountains fall and hide the shame) there is not another nation upon earth that is outraging these rights so egregiously as we are. Well may *four millions, five hundred thousands* of the inhabitants of our land rue the day which delivered this country from the dominion of the British Crown; for, had it not been for that event, they would probably be now rejoicing in the boon of freedom, with the emancipated in the British West Indies. If it be our Nation's glory, that she first unfurled the banner of universal liberty, it surely is her shame, that that banner has been snatched from her hand and borne onward, whither we as a nation are afraid to follow; for while monarchical England has set her bondmen free, we Republicans, Democrats, are insisting before the world, that it would be unsafe to give liberty to men who are enslaved. Sentiments in favor of the freedom of all men, claims that were urged on behalf of the colored population—freely uttered, and kindly considered in Virginia, Maryland and other Southern States, at the time of the Revolution, and for twenty years afterwards, are now spurned, hunted, persecuted to the gallows and the stake, nay, struck down in the very Senate Chamber of the nation. Such outrages would not have disgraced our country, if our Fathers had contended, and taught their children to contend for their rights, by Christian means.

If it be an eternal principle in the intellectual and moral world, as well as the physical, that *like begets like*, then we may not reasonably hope to promote peace, good order, respect for the domestic or civil rights of man, by the violence, uproar and cruelty of war. Just as reasonable would it be for the sober part of the community to set about drinking up all the intoxicating liquor in the land in order to protect themselves from the harm which the intemperate may do; just as reasonable to inject into our own veins the virus of a raging pestilence in order to check its progress, as it is to cherish in the bosom of our community the spirit of violence, of war, in order to repress the enmity and prevent the aggressions of other communities, or of individuals in our midst. It is only by steadfastly adhering, as individuals and a community, to the humane, benevolent, long-suffering principles of the Gospel, that we can help to persuade mankind to adopt them.—*Samuel J. May's Address before the American Peace Society.*

## Foreign Gleanings.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.—At Rzeszow, Austria, the police have lately commenced imprisoning every Israelite who happens to be in the street when a priest is passing through it with a pix containing the sacred wafers. Petty acts of persecution are constantly being committed upon the Jews in other parts of the Austrian dominions.

A WATCH FOR MISS NIGHTINGALE.—A very pretty and elegant present has been forwarded to Miss Nightingale by a grateful officer, who recovered under her kind treatment whilst in the Crimea. It consists of a small repeating watch in a ring, the cylinder of which is made of an oriental ruby. Its diameter is the fifty-fourth part of an inch, its length the forty-seventh, and its weight the two hundredth part of a grain.

An important contribution to the biography of modern English politics is contemplated by Mr. Murray—no less than a new life of William Pitt, by Earl Stanhope (better known in literature as Lord Mahon), the historian of England during the eighteenth century. Lord Stanhope will have new and authentic materials placed at his disposal, and the result, there is every reason to believe, will be a work not unworthy of the subject.

A letter from Gotha states that it was decided, two days back, at the Duke of Saxe Coburg's, to send an expedition to Africa, to ascertain with certainty the fate of Dr. Vogel, the traveller. Baron Steuglin, of Wurtemburg, will undertake the voyage. A committee has been formed, under the presidentship of the Duke, to make an appeal to the public for the funds necessary to cover the expenses of the mission, which are estimated at ten thousand thalers.

A well known divine and philanthropist was walking recently in a crowded street in London at night, in order to distribute tracts to promising subjects. A young woman was walking up and down, and he accosted her. He pointed out to her the error of her ways, implored her to reform, and tendered her a tract, with fervent entreaties to go home and read it. The girl stared at him for a moment or two in sheer bewilderment. At last it dawned on her what he meant and for what he took her, and looking up with simple amusement in his face, she exclaimed, "Lor bless you, sir, I aint a social evil; I'm waiting for the omnibus."

WE OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL.—In Forbes Winslow's new book, among some very singular accounts of the beneficial results of accidents to persons of feeble intellect, is a statement that a supposed idiot, having received a violent blow on the head, became a practising barrister. *Mr. Punch*, ever since reading this anecdote, has been puzzling over the Law List to try to find out who the party is. He has his suspicions on the subject, but it is premature to disclose them. Meantime he has resolved to be very careful for the future how he indulges his own favorite practice of giving idiots a rap on the head, lest he should be unwarily creating more barristers than at present afflict creation.—*Punch.*

A LADY'S LECTURE.—A meeting of a remarkable character was held in Portsmouth Dockyard on Saturday. During the early part of the day notice was given that at the conclusion of work, Miss